THE

ROAD TO RUIN

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD, &c.

CALCUTTA:

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BOY-BAZAR ROAD.

REMARKS.

This comedy ranks among the most successful of modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science, which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue, with minute attention to theatric exhibition: for the author has nicely considered, that it is only by passing the ordeal of a theatre with safety, that a drama has the privilege of being admitted to a library.

The nice art, with which the conversations in this play are written, will, by a common reader, pass unadmired and unnoticed. Some of the most important speeches consist of no more than one line. The grand skill has been to make no skill evident —to force a reader to forget the author, but to remember his play, and each distinct character.

To produce this effect, both on the stage and in the closet, the whole comedy is perfectly natural. Paternal and filial affection are described with infinite power, and yet without one inflated or poetic sentence.—The scenes between Dornton and his son are not like scenes in a play, but like occurrences in the house of a respectable banker, who has a dissipated, though a loving and beloved, son.

REMARKS.

Nature has never been violated in this comedy, except in one instance; where, in search of too much nature, the author has been deluded into the wiles of art.

In a comedy, where every part is deformed by extravagance, Sophia would appear a probable character.—But the tax on an able dramatist is—to have his slightest failure observed: for who can behold that which is near perfect, without longing after perfection itself?

Sophia is described as being turned of seventeen; and, though she did come from Gloucestershire, she is certainly old enough to be wiser than she is; —it is therefore, a reproach to Harry Dornton's taste, that he should fix his choice on her, rather than on her mother; for, as far as a rogue is preferable to a fool, the mother would certainly have made the most companionable wife; and a husband might, in her case, have looked forward, with hope, to the chance of amendment.

In the original disposal of the parts of this play to the actors, there was novelty;—and, what does not always combine with novelty, improvement. Lewis, in a low comedy part, was new to the town: and, by superior ability, he added interest and importance to a character, where a professed low comedian would merely have excited a loud laugh.

Coarse manners, like old age, should always be counterfeit on the stage: when either of these is inherent in the actor himself, as well as in the cha-

racter he represents, the sensitive part of the audience are more afflicted than entertained.

Lewis, in Goldfinch, had the talent to display all the bold features of the vulgar citizen, whilst his own constitutional refinement, prevented the audience from feeling themselves in bad company. He has, in fact, when he descends to play what is called low comedy, the very soul of vulgarity, without incommoding his audience with any of its gross corporeal parts.

Munden was another excellent novelty, transformed from low to high comedy:—nothing relating to him appeared assumed; (characters of the good should not show the counterfeit) and his person, dress, manners, all excited such a degree of reverence, that even when it was said his banking-house had failed, a miser would have placed his whole store of gold there, with perfect confidence. Then, all he had to say in rage against his son, was delivered with such parental fondness, that voice, mien, and features were opposed to every angry sentence; and gave a highly finished proof how words can falsify the meaning of the heart. Still he did not speak as if to deceive his hearers, but skilfully showed he was deceiving himself.

"The Road to Ruin" is a complete drama; resting its power on itself alone, without adventitious aid: neither music, song, dance, or spectacle, such as authors fly to, when, like Shakspeare's

Orlando, "they are gravelled for lack of matter," is here introduced. This is an example that should ever be pursued, when it can be done with safety. But good plays are difficult to produce; and those, who write often, must divide the materials, which would constitute one extraordinary, into two ordinary dramas.

THE

ROAD TO RUIN;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

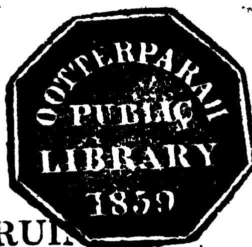
BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Dornton	*Mr. Munden.*
Harry Dornton	*Mr. Holman.*
Mr. Sulky	*Mr. Wilson.*
Mr. Silky	*Mr. Quick.*
Goldfinch	*Mr. Lewis.*
Mr. Milford	*Mr. Harley.*
Mr. Smith	*Mr. Powel.*
Hosier	*Mr. Macreadey.*
Sheriff's Officer	*Mr. Thompson.*
Jacob	*Mr. Rees.*
Mrs. Warren	*Mrs. Maddocks.*
Sophia	*Miss. Merry.*
Jenny	*Mrs. Harlowe.*
Mrs. Ledger	*Mrs. Powell.*

Waiter. Clerks, Servants, Tradesmen, Postillions, Tennis Markers, Milliners, Mantua-makers, &c. &c.

SCENE,—London.



THE

ROAD TO RUIN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The House of DORNTON.

MR. DORNTON *alone.*

Dorn. Past two o'clock, and not yet returned! —Well, well—it's my own fault!—Mr. Smith!

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dorn. Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. Smith. No, sir.

Dorn. Are you sure Harry Dornton said he should return to-night?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dorn. And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. Smith. He did not tell me, sir.

Dorn. [*Angrily.*] I ask if you know!

Mr. Smith. I believe, to Newmarket, sir.

Dorn. You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no longer—Tell the servants to go to bed—And, do you hear, should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine!—Let him starve!

Mr. Smith. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dorn. Improperly!—How? What does he do? [*Alarmed.*

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dorn. Have you heard any thing of——

Mr. Smith. [*Confused.*] No—no, sir—nothing—nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dorn. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. Smith. He is certainly a very good hearted young gentleman, sir.

Dorn. Good hearted!—How dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dorn. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so?—Is not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and blacklegs?

Mr. Smith. Upon my word, sir—I——

Dorn. But it's over!—His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! [*Passionately.*] And, observe, not a guinea? If you lend him any yourself. I'll not pay you.—I'll no longer be a fond doting father! Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea!

[*With great Passion.*

Mr. Smith. I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dorn. Sir! [*Terror.*] Why, would you see him

starve?—Would you see him starve, and not lend him a guinea?—Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. Smith. Sir!—Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dorn. [*Amazement and Compassion.*] And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death.

Mr. Smith. There is no danger of that, sir.

Dorn. I tell you the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! [*Horror at the Supposition.*] I'll never look on him more as a son of mine: and I am very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too. [*Almost in Tears.*] Yes, yes! he is born to be a poor wretched outcast!

Mr. Smith. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

Dorn. Will!—There is not a finer, handsomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world!

Mr. Smith. I mean a worthy good man, sir.

Dorn. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

Mr. Smith. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

Dorn. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith [*Takes his Hand.*]—I know you are,—but you—you are not a father!

Enter MR. SULKY, *and* MR. SMITH *goes off.*

Dorn. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard any thing of him?

Sulky. Yes.

Dorn. And, hay—— [*Excessively impatient.*] Any thing consoling, any thing good?

Sulky. No.

Dorn. No!—No, say you?—Where is he?—What is he about?

Sulky. I don't know.

Dorn. Don't?—You love to torture me, sir! You love to torture me.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. For Heaven's sake tell me what you have heard!

Sulky. I love to torture you.

Dorn. Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

Sulky. [*Reluctantly drawing a Newspaper out of his Pocket.*] There, read!

Dorn. Dead!

Sulky. Worse.

Dorn. Mercy defend me!—Where? What?

Sulky. The first paragraph in the postscript: the beginning line in capitals.

Dorn. [Reads.] *The junior partner of the great banking house, not a mile from the Post Office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upward of ten thousand pounds*——[*Pause.*] It can't be!

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. Why, can it?

Sulky. Yes.

Dorn. How do you know? What proof have you that this is not a lie?

Sulky. His own hand-writing.

Dorn. How!

Sulky. Bills, at three days sight, to the full amount, have already been presented.

Dorn. And accepted?

Sulky. Yes.

Dorn. But!—Why!—Were you mad, Mr. Sulky? Were you mad?

Sulky. I soon shall be.

Dorn. Is not his name struck off the firm?

Sulky. They were dated two days before.

Dorn. The credit of my house begins to totter!

Sulky. Well it may.

Dorn. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell.

Sulky. I can—Ruin.

Dorn. Are you serious, sir?

Sulky. I am not inclined to laugh—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy.

Dorn. Really, Mr. Sulky, you——

Sulky. Yes, I know I offend.—I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully, and you admitted me a partner. Don't think I care for myself. No; I can sit at the desk again. But you!—you!—First man of the first commercial city on earth, your name in the Gazette!—Were it mine only, I would laugh at it.—What am I?—Who cares for me?

Dorn. [*Calling.*] Mr. Smith!—Thomas!—William!——

Enter MR. SMITH.

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith;—Clerks, footmen, maids, every soul! Tell them, their young master is a scoundrel!—

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. Sir! [*His Anger recurring.*] Bid them shut the door in his face! I'll turn the first away that lets him set foot in this house ever again!

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dorn. Very well, sir! Damn your very well, sir!

—I tell you, it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street! Is that very well, sir?

[*Exeunt* MR. DORNTON *and* MR. SMITH.

Sulky. He has a noble heart:—a fond father's heart. The boy was a fine youth, but he spoiled him; and now he quarrels with himself, and all the world, because he hates his own folly. [*Distant Knocking heard at the Street Door.*] So! here is the youth returned. [*Knocking again.*

Enter MR. DORNTON, *followed by* SERVANTS.

Dorn. Don't stir!—on your lives, don't go to the door!—Are the bolts and locks all fastened?

Servts. All, sir. [*Knocking.*

Dorn. Don't mind his knocking! Go to bed every soul of you instantly, and fall fast asleep.—He shall starve in the streets! [*Knocking again.*] Fetch me my blunderbuss! Make haste! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street, before the Door.

HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, *and* POSTILLIONS.

Post. We smoked along, your honour.

Harry. [*Knocks.*] I know you did. Had you been less free with your whip, you would have been half a crown the richer. Your next step should be, to turn drummer, and handle the cat-o'-nine tails.

Post. It is very late, your honour.

Harry. Begone! I'll give you no more. [*Knocks.*

[*Exeunt* POSTILLIONS.

Dorn. [*Throwing up the Sash, and presenting the Blunderbuss*—MR. SULKY *behind.*] Knock

again, you scoundrel, and you shall have the full contents, loaded to the muzzle, rascal!

Harry. So! I suspected dad was in his tantarums.

Milf. You have given him some cause.

Harry. Very true. [*To his Father.*] Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night!

Dorn. Begone, villain!

Harry. Bad women, sir; damps—night air—

Dorn. Will you begone?

Harry. Watch-houses — pick-pockets — cut-throats—

Sulky. Come, come, sir—

[*Shutting down the Window.*

Milf. We shall not get in.

Harry. Pshaw! how little do you know of my father!—The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

Milf. Done, for a hundred!

Harry. Done, done! [*They take out their Watches, and the Door opens.*] I knew you were had; —double or quits, we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

Milf. No, it won't do. [*Exeunt into the House.*

SCENE III.

DORNTON'S *House.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, *and* FOOTMAN.

Foot. My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Harry. I know it.

Foot. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Harry. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Foot. I dare not, sir.

Harry. Then I must. [*Exit.*

Foot. He inquired who was with my young master.

Milf. Well!

Foot. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. [*Exit* FOOTMAN.

Enter HARRY DORNTON.

Harry. All's well that ends well.—This has been a cursed losing voyage, Milford!

Milf. I am a hundered and fifty in.

Harry. And I, ten thousand out!

Milf. I believe I had better avoid your father, for the present.

Harry. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Milf. And, I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

Harry. Nay, damn it, Jack, do him justice! It is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Milf. I hear, he threatens to arrest me.

Harry. Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me a thousand times!

Milf. O, but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Harry. And me too.

Milf. You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

Harry. No.

Milf. What, not to see the grand match?

Harry. No.

Milf. O yes, you will.

Harry. No—I am determined.

Milf. Yes, over night—you'll waver in the morning.

Harry. No.—It is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Milf. Ha, ha, ha! My plan is formed: I'll soon be out of debt.

Harry. How will you get the money?

Milf. By calculation.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Milf. I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them!

Harry. And very honourably!

Milf. Who doubts it?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Nobody! nobody!

Milf. But, pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relict?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! What, the Widow Warren?

Milf. She seems to think, and even reports, you are to marry!

Harry. Marry? her? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously apes all the airs of a girl! Fantastic, selfish, and a fool! And marry? Disgusting idea!—Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse——

Milf. Well?

Harry. I would rather be a post-horse, nay, the brute that drives a post-horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined!

Milf. Then why are you so often there?

Harry. Because I can't keep away.

Milf. What, it is her daughter, Sophia?

Harry. Lovely, bewitching innocent!

Milf. The poor young thing is fond of you.

Harry. I should be half mad, if I thought she was not; yet am obliged to half-hope she is not.

Milf. Why?

Harry. What a question!—Am I not a profligate, and in all probability ruined?—Not even my father can overlook this last affair!—No!—Heigho!

Milf. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents, by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances!

Harry. In which the Widow triumphs. And, you being a bastard, and left by law to starve, she willingly pays obedience to laws so wise.

Milf. She refuses even to pay my debts.

Harry. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the Widow——So! here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

Enter MR. SULKY.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

Sulky. Very ill.

Harry. Indeed?—I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

Sulky. You.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky Ruin—bankruptcy—infamy!

Harry. The old story!

Sulky. To a new tune.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. You are——

Harry. What, my good cynic?

Sulky. A fashionable gentleman.

Harry. I know it.

Sulky. And fashionably ruined.

Harry. No—I have a father.

Sulky. Who is ruined likewise.—Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

Harry. No, it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper for me!

Sulky. Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than——

Harry. An ambassador's coach on a birth night. —I saw you were stammering for a simile.

Sulky. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

Harry. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Your father is at last determined.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

Sulky. You'll find so!—And what brought you here, sir? [*To* MILFORD.

Milf. A chaise and four.

Sulky. It might have carried you to a safer place. —When do you mean to pay your debts?

Milf. When my father's executor prevails on the Widow Warren to do me justice.

Sulky. And which way am I to prevail?

Milf. And which way am I to pay my debts?

Sulky. You might have more modesty, than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil-counsel.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler;—I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

Milf. My father died immensely rich; and, though I am what the law calls illegitimate, I ought not to starve.

Sulky. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

Milf. Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

Sulky. You would do the same now, that you think yourself a man.

Milf. [*Firmly.*] Indeed I would not.

Sulky. Had you been watching the Widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pick-pockets, you might, perhaps, have done yourself more service.

Milf. Which way, sir?

Sulky. The will of your late father is found.

Milf. Found?

Sulky. I have received a letter, from which I learn, it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month, since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

Milf. If it should have got into the hands of the Widow——

Sulky. Which I suspect it has!—You are a couple of pretty gentlemen!—But, beware! Misfortune is at your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly.—He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Milf. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted. [*Exit.*

Sulky. Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Harry. Yes;—and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

Sulky. Very well, sir! Your fame is increasing daily.

Harry. I am glad to hear it.

Sulky. Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

Harry. Paragraphed? What? Where?

Sulky. In the St. James's Evening.

Harry. Me?

Sulky. Stating the exact amount.

Harry. Of my loss?

Sulky. Yours—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Harry. Well said!—Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sulky. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

Harry. Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MR. DORNTON, *with the Newspaper in his Hand.*

Dorn. So, sir!

Harry. [*Bowing.*] I am happy to see you, sir.

Dorn. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—And you are here. [*Pointing to the Paper.*] after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir: I am only a fool.

Sulky. Good night to you, gentlemen.

Dorn. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

Sulky. I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dorn. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say?

Harry. I am your son.

Dorn. [*Calling.*] Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds. You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Harry. I will deny nothing.

Dorn. A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature!

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dorn. A redundancy, a negation; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others!

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dorn. Bills never examined, every thing bought on credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense! And, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Enter MR. SMITH.

Dorn. But here—Give me that parchment! [*To* MR. SMITH.] The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased!

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dorn. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the im-

mense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true. [*Half aside.*

Dorn. [*Passionately.*] If I should happily outlive, the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler!—You are disinherited!—Read!

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dorn. I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts;

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dorn. I taught you! What? Scoundrel! What?

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dorn. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely!

Dorn. [*Forgetting his Passion.*] Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean, that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dorn. Harry! Harry! [*Struggling with his Feelings.*] No; Confound me if I do!—Sir, you are a vile—

Harry. I know I am.

Dorn. And I'll never speak to you more. [*Going.*

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father!—Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night. [*Exit.*

Harry. Come, sir.

Dorn. [*Struggling with Passion.*] Well—no I won't! —If I do!

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out

my name, disinherit me, I deserve it all and more—But say, Good night, Harry!

Dorn. I won't!—I won't! I won't!—

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off—But enmity—

Dorn. I will not!

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly?—Come! good night.

Dorn. I won't! I won't! [*Runs off.*

Harry. Say you so?—Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel!

Re-enter MR. DORNTON.

Dorn. Good night! [*Exit.*

Harry. Good night! And Heaven eternally bless you. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The House of the WIDOW WARREN.

JENNY *and* MRS. LEDGER.

Jenny. I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

Mrs. L. Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

Jenny. And get myself snubbed. Not I indeed.

Enter SOPHIA, *skipping.*

Soph. La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers,

mercers, haberdashers, lace-men, feather-men, and —and all the world, consulting about second mourning!

Jenny. I know it.

Soph. It will be six months to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law.

Jenny. How you run on, miss!

Soph. What would my dear grandma' say, if she saw her! Why, she is even fonder of finery than I am!

Jenny. Sure, miss, you are not fond of finery?

Soph. Oh but I am—I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes! I am sure I am old enough! I shall be eighteen next Christmas-day, at midnight: which is only nine months and two days! And, since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels, and gowns and sestinis, and hoops, and trains, and sweeps, [*Mimicking.*] and —like a woman?

Jenny. It's very true, what your mamma tells you, miss; you have been spoiled by your old fond grand-mother, in Gloucestershire.

Soph. Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grandma' names! Though every body told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

Jenny. And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your *iddication.*

Soph. Yes; she began it the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for to screw up my shapes; the shoe-maker, to cripple my feet; the hair-dresser, to burn my hair; the jeweller, to bore my ears; and the dentist, to file my teeth.

Jenny. Ah! you came here such a hoyden! [*To* MRS. LEDGER.] What, an't you gone yet, mistress?

Soph. La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to

people? What is the matter with this good woman?

Jenny. Oh! nothing but poverty.

Soph. Is that all? Here—[*Rummaging her Pocket.*]—give her this half crown, and make her rich.

Jenny. Rich indeed!

Soph. What, is not it enough? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday! I laid it out in sweetmeats, cakes, a canary bird, and a poll parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor?

Mrs. L. My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

Soph. Oh dear!—Stop!—Stop a bit! [*Running off.*] Be sure you don't go! [*Exit.*

Enter MR. SULKY.

Sulky. Where's your mistress, girl?

Jenny. My name is Jane Cocket, sir.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Busy, sir.

Sulky. Tell her to come down—Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

Jenny. [*Aside.*] Humph! Mr. Black and gruff! [*Exit.*

Enter SOPHIA, *with great Glee.*

Soph. I've got it! Here! Take this, good woman; and go home and be happy! Take it, I tell you. [*Offering a Purse.*

Sulky. Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does your worthy husband?

Mrs. L. Alack, sir, ill enough; likely to starve in his latter days.

Sulky. How! Starve?

Mrs. L. The Widow refuses to do any thing for him.

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. L. Service, age, and honesty, are poor pleas, with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. L. You, sir, I understand, are the late alderman's executor?

Sulky. I can't tell.

Mrs. L. Perhaps you may be able to serve my husband?

Sulky. I don't know—However, give my respects to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

Soph. Nay, but take this in the mean time.

Sulky. Ay; take it, take it. [*Exit* MRS. LEDGER, *much affected.*] And who are you, Miss Charity?

Soph. Me, sir? Oh! I—I am my grandma's grand daughter.

Sulky. Humph!

Soph. Sophia Freelove.

Sulky. Oh!—The Widow's daughter by her first husband?

Soph. Yes, sir.

Enter JENNY.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Coming, sir.—So, you have stolen your mamma's purse, miss?

Soph. La, don't say so! I only run away with it. She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

Jenny. Without her consent?

Soph. Yes, to be sure! I knew I should never dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

Jenny. Well! Here comes your mamma. [*Exit.*

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, *in a fantastic girlish Morning Dress, surrounded by* MILLINERS, MANTUA-MAKERS, FURRIERS, HATTERS, *&c. with their* ATTENDANTS, *with Band-boxes; all talking as they come in.*

Widow. So you'll be sure not to forget my chapeau à la Prusse, Mr. Mincing?

Hatter. Certainly not, madam.

Widow. And you'll make a delicate choice of the feathers?

Hatter. The selection shall be elegant, madam.

Widow. Yes—I know, Mr. Mincing, you're a charming man!—And you will let me have my pierrot à la Coblentz by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany?

Mantua-maker. To a minute, maim.

Sulky. Madam, when you have a moment's leisure——

Widow. Be quiet, you fright; don't interrupt me!—And my caraco à la hussar, and my bavaroises à la duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

Mill. Ver well, me ladyship.

Widow. And you'll all come together, exactly at nine?

Omnes. We'll all be here! [*Going.*

Widow. And don't forget the white ermine tippets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel!

Furrier. I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

Widow. And, and, and—No; no—you may all go—I can think of nothing else—I shall remember more to-morrow.

Hatter and Furrier. Thank you, madam! } *Altogether.*
Mantua-maker and Girls. Very much obliged to you, maim!
Milliner. Dee ver good bon jour to me ladyship.

Widow. What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky?—Pray, child, what have you done with my purse?

Soph. Given it away, ma'.

Widow. Given it away, minikin?

Soph. Yes, ma'.

Widow. Given my purse away? To whom? For what purpose?

Soph. La, ma', only—only to keep a poor woman from starving!

Widow. I protest, child, your grandmother has totally ruined you!

Sulky. Not quite, madam: she has left the finishing to you.

Widow. What were you saying, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. You won't give me leave to say any thing, madam.

Widow. You know you are a shocking troublesome man, Mr. Sulky! I have a thousand things to remember, and can't bear teasing! It fatigues my spirits! So pray, relate this very urgent business of yours in a single word. What would you have?

Sulky. Justice.

Widow. Lord, what do you mean?—Do you think I am in the commission?

Sulky. Yes, of follies innumerable!

Widow. You are a sad savage, Mr. Sulky! And who is it you want justice for?

Sulky. Your late husbands's son, John Milford.

Widow. Now, pray don't talk to me! You are a very intrusive person! You quite derange my ideas! I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present.

Sulky. Will you hear me, madam?

Widow. I can't! I positively can't! it is an odious subject!

Soph. Nah, ma', how can you be so cross to my brother Milford?

Widow. Your brother, child!—How often, minikin, have I told you he is no brother of yours!

Soph. La, ma', he was your husband's son!

Widow. Yes, his——Faugh! Odious word!—Your brother?

Soph. Yes, that he *is*!—For he is in distress.

Sulky. Humph!

Widow. And would you, now—you who pretend to be a very prudent, ridiculous kind of a person—wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor, dear, dead good man on Mr. Milford, and his profligate companions?

Sulky. Not I indeed, madam; though the profligate to whom you make love should happen to be one of them!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! the monster! I make love!—You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! [*Walking and exhibiting herself.*] You are really blind!—But I know whom you mean.

Sulky. I mean young Dornton, madam.

Widow. To be sure you do!—Whom could you mean? Elegant youth!—Rapturous thoughts!

Soph. I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is no profligate!

Sulky. [*Significantly.*] You are sure?

Soph. Yes, that I am!

Sulky. Humph!

Soph. And it's very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he's my ma's lover!

Sulky. Humph!

Soph. Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is——

Widow. Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue.

Soph. Why, la, ma', you yourself know you are too old!—

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Soph. I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover!

[*Exit skipping.*

Sulky. Do you blush?

Widow. Blush indeed!—Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky! —Blush at the babbling of a child?

Sulky. Who is your rival?

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—My rival!—The poor minikin! My rival?—But I have a message for you! Now, do compose your features to softness and complacency! Look pleasant, if you can! Smile for once in your life!

Sulky. Don't make love to me! I'll have nothing to say to you!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Love?

Sulky. Yes, you make love to Dornton! Nay, you make love to the booby Goldfinch! Even I am not secure in your company!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being, M. S. .ky!—But, if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance: do a goodnatured thing, and tell him I am at home all day—Love to you! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you figure!

You caricatura of tenderness! You insupportable thing! [*Exit.*

Sulky. [*Sighs.*] Ah!—All labour in vain!

Enter JENNY.

Stand out of the way, girl! [*Exit.*

Jenny. There she goes! [*Looking after the* WIDOW.] That's lucky! This way, sir!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *followed by his own* SERVANT, *with Bills in his Hand.*

Jenny. My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir: but I can send you somebody you may like better! [*Exit.*

Harry. Obliging Abigail! [*Looking over his Papers.*] 'Sdeath! What! all these tradesmen's bills?

Serv. All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you with them.

Harry. When were they brought?

Serv. Some last night, but most this morning.

Harry. Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day. Has Mr. Williams, the hosier, sent in his bill?

Serv. No, sir.

Harry. I thought as much.—Tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not fail.

Serv. Very well, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter SOPHIA, *joyously.*

Soph. Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you! Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you was so good as to teach me!

Harry. And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, bewitching scholar that ever took lesson!

Soph. La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid!

Harry. That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit!

Soph. To be sure, my ma' caught me singing it, and she was pettish; because you know it's all about love, and ends with a happy marriage.

Harry. But why pettish?

Soph. La! I can't tell. I suppose she wants to have all the marriage in the world to herself! It's her whole talk! I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if any body would have her!

Harry. Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but tell me——

Soph. What?

Harry. I dare not ask.

Soph. Why?

Harry. Lest I should offend you.

Harry. Nay, now, Mr. Dornton, that is not right of you! I am never offended with any body, and I am sure I should not be offended with you! My grandma' always said I was the best tempered girl in the world. What is it?

Harry. Were you?—[*Taking her Hand.*] Did you ever know what it is to love?

Soph. La, now, how could you ask one such a question?—You know very well one must not tell!—Besides, you know too one must not be in love.

Harry. Why not?

Soph. Because—because I'm but a girl!—My grandma' has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for any body to be in love, before they be a woman grown; full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen!

Harry. Love, they say, cannot be resisted.

Soph. Ah, but I have been taught better!—It may be resisted—Nobody need be in love, unless

they like: and so I won't be in love; for I won't wilfully do amiss. [*With great Positiveness*] No! I won't love any person; though I should love him ever so dearly.

Harry. [*Aside.*] Angelic innocence!—[*Aloud.*] Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

Soph. Do you know, it is full five weeks since Valentine's-day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a valentine!

Harry. And did you expect one?

Soph. Nah!—I can't say but I did think!—In Gloucestershire, if any young man happens to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it on Valentine's-day. But perhaps Valentine's-day does not fall so soon here as it does in the country?

Harry. Why, it is possible you may yet receive a valentine.

Soph. Nay, now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one: for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma' told me I must never mention nor think of such things, till I am a woman; full one-and-twenty grown; and that if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake——

Harry. A plum-cake?

Soph. Yes: I assure you I have heard of a valentine sent baked in a plum-cake— And so I would not receive such a thing for the world; no, not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover.

Harry. But how must he prove his faith and truth?

Soph. Why, first he must love me very dearly!—With all his heart and soul!—And then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

Harry. And would not you love in return?

Soph. N—yes, when I come to be one-and-twenty.

Harry. Not sooner?

Soph. Oh, no!—I must not!

Harry. Sure you might if you pleased?

Soph. Oh, but you must not persuade me to that! If you do, I shall think you are a bad man; such as my grandma' warned me of!

Harry. And do you think me so?

Soph. Do I?—No!—I would not think you so, for a thousand thousand golden guineas!

Harry. [*Aside.*] Fascinating purity!—What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection, would indeed be villainy!

Goldfinch. [*Without, at a distance.*] Is she above? Must see her!

Soph. La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-jockey, Goldfinch, coming up!—[*Sighs.*] Good bye. Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Heaven bless you, Sophia! Sweet Sophia, Heaven bless you, my lovely angel!—Heigho?

Soph. Heigho! [*Exit.*

Gold. [*Without.*] Is she here?

Serv. [*Without.*] I don't know, sir.

Enter GOLDFINCH, *in a High-collared Coat, several under Waistcoats, Buckskin Breeches, covering his Calves, short Boots, long Spurs, High-Crowned Hat, Hair in the extreme, &c. &c.*

Gold. Ha! My tight one!

Harry. [*Surveying him.*] Well, Charles!

Gold. How you stare! An't I the go? That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Gold. Where's the Widow?

Harry. Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

Gold. A hundred to eight, I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her mane, trim her ears, and buckle on her body-clothes?

Harry. You improve daily, Charles!

Gold. To be sure!—That's your sort!—[*Turning to show himself.*] An't I a genus?

Harry. Quite an original!—You may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you!

Gold. Match me! Newmarket can't match me! [*Showing himself.*]—That's your sort!

Harry Oh, no! Ha, ha, ha! You are harder to match than one of your own pied ponies—A very different being from either your father or grandfather!

Gold. Father or grandfather!—Shakebags both.

Harry. How?

Gold. Father a sugar-baker, grandfather a slop-seller—I'm a gentleman—That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! And your father was only a man of worth.

Gold. Kept a gig! [*With great Contempt.*]—Knew nothing of life!—Never drove four!

Harry. No, but he was a useful member of society.

Gold. A usef—!—What's that?

Harry Ha, ha, ha! A pertinent question.

Gold. A gentleman like me a useful member of society!—Bet the long odds, nobody ever heard of such a thing!

Harry. You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles.

Gold. World:—What does the world say?

Harry. Strange things—It says you have got into the hands of jockeys, Jews, and swindlers: and that, though Goldfinch was, in his day, one of the richest men on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black-leg at Newmarket.

Gold. Damn the world!

Harry. With all my heart; damn the world; for it says little better of me.

Gold. Bet you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyers, the second spring meeting.

Harry. No: I have done with Highflyer and Eclipse too—So you are in pursuit of the Widow?

Gold. Full cry!—Must have her!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho! You must?

Gold. All up with me else! If I don't marry the Widow, I must smash!—I've secured the knowing one.

Harry. Whom do you mean! The maid?

Gold. Promised her a hundred on the wedding day.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. My mistress can't see you at present, gentlemen.

Gold. Can't see me? [*Vexed.*] Take Harriet an airing in the phaeton.

Harry. What, is Harriet your favourite?

Gold. To be sure! I keep her!

Harry. You do?

Gold. Fine creature!

Harry. Well bred?

Gold. Just to my taste!—Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

Harry. A fine woman?

Gold. Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant! Six

feet in her stockings!—That's your sort!—Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone!—Dashing figure in a phaeton?—Sky-blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribbands, white feather, gold band and tassel!—That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho!—Why you are a high fellow, Charles!

Gold. To be sure!—Know the odds!—Hold four in hand—Turn a corner in style!—Reins in form—Elbows square—Wrist pliant—Hayait!—Drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer:—Pay for an inside place—Mount the box—Tip coachy a crown—Beat the mail—Come in full speed:—Rattle down the gate-way!—Take care of your heads!—Never killed but one woman and a child in all my life—That's your sort!

[*Going.*

Jenny. [*Aside to* GOLDFINCH.] Take him with you. [*Exit.*

Gold. Want a hedge;—Take guineas to pounds, Precipitate against Dragon.

Harry. No.

Gold. [*Aside.*] Wish I could have him a few!—Odd or even for fifty? [*Drawing his Hand clenched from his Pocket.*

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Odd enough!

Gold. Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck in the glass, draw cuts, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, any thing?

Harry. Nothing.

Gold. I'am up to all—That's your sort!—Get him with me, and pigeon him. [*Aside.*] Come and see my Greys—Been to Tattersal's, and bought a set of six—Smokers!—Beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty!—Hayait, charmers!—That's your sort! Bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn by mouse ponies!

Gold. Come and see 'em.

Harry. [*Sarcastically.*] No. I am weary of the company of stable-boys.

Gold. Why so?—Shan't play you any tricks—If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me, and I'll horsewhip 'em—Arch dogs! Deal of wit!

Harry. When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

Gold. Yourself?—'Ware that—Wrong there!

Harry. I think I should be right.

Gold. Do you?—What—Been to school?

Harry. To school!—Why yes—I—

Gold. Mendoza!—Oh!—Good-morrow! [*Exit*.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends! Heigho!

Enter MILFORD, *in haste, followed by* GOLDFINCH, *returning*.

Gold. What is it, Jack?—Tell me! [*Eagerly*.

Milf. Come, Harry! we shall be too late! They are about to begin! We may have what bets we please!

Gold. Where?—What?

Milf. The great match! The famous Frenchman, and Will, the marker! A thousand guineas a side!

Gold What, tennis?

Milf. Yes. The Frenchman gives fifteen and a bisque.

Gold. To Will, the marker?

Milf. Yes.

Gold. Will, for a hundred!

Milf. Done!

Gold. Done! done!

Harry. I bar the bet—the odds are five to four already.

Gold. What, for the mounseer?

Harry. Yes.

Gold. I'll take it,—five hundred to four.

Harry. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. No, I bar!—I forgot—I have cut. I'll never bet another guinea.

Milf. You do, for a hundred!

Harry. Done!

Milf. Done, done!—Ha, ha, ha!

Harry. Pshaw!

Gold. What a cake!

Milf. But you'll go?

Harry. No.

Milf. Yes, you will.—Come, come, the match is begun! Every body is there! The Frenchman is the first player in the world!

Harry. It's a noble exercise!

Milf. Ay, Cato himself delighted in it!

Harry. Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

Gold. The Romans! Who are they?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Milf. Ha, ha, ha!—Will you go, or will you not, Harry?

Harry. I can't, Jack. My conscience won't let me.

Milf. Pshaw! Zounds! if we don't make haste, it will be all over!

Harry. [*In a Hurry.*] Do you think it will [*Stops short.*] No—I won't—I must not.

Milf. [*Taking hold of his Arm.*] Come along, I tell you!

Harry. No.

Milf. They have begun!

Gold. Have they?—I'm off! [*Exit.*

Milf. [*Still struggling, and* HARRY *retreating.*] What folly!—Come along!

Harry. No—I will not.

Milf. [*Leaving him, and going.*] Well, well, if you're so positive——

Harry. [*Calling.*] Stay, Jack, stay—I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

Milf. Double or quits, the hundred that you won of me last night, you do!

Harry. I don't, for a thousand!

Milf. No, no, the hundred.

Harry. I tell you I won't. I won't go in with you.

Milf. Done, for the hundred!

Harry. Done, done! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Parlour of the Tennis-court.

MARKERS *passing and repassing, with Rackets and Balls.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICER, *Two* FOLLOWERS, *and One of the* MARKERS.—*Shout.*

Marker. Hurrah!

Officer. Pray, is Mr. Milford in the court?

Marker. I'll bet you, gold to silver, the Frenchman loses!—Hurrah! [*Exit.*

Enter MR. SMITH, *from the Court.*

Mr. Smith. He is not there.

Officer. Are you sure?

Mr. Smith. The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him, nor any of his companions.

Officer. Then he will not come.

Mr. Smith. I begin to hope so!

Officer. [Examining his Writ.] *Middlesex, to wit—One thousand pounds—Dornton against John Milford.*

Mr. Smith. You must take none but substantial bail. [*Shout.*] What a scene!

Officer. He will not be here.

Mr. Smith. Heaven send——

Enter GOLDFINCH *and a* MARKER, *running across.*

Gold. Is the match begun?

Marker. The first game is just over.

Gold. Who lost?

Marker. The Frenchman!

Gold. Hurrah!

Marker. Hurrah!

Gold. Damn the mounseers!—That's your sort!
[*Exit in to the Court.*

Mr Smith. That's one of his companions. I begin to tremble——Stand aside;—here they both come!

Officer. Which is he?

Mr. Smith. The second. [*Shout.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON *and* MILFORD, *in haste.*

Harry. I hear them! I hear them! Come along!

Milf. Ha, ha, ha!—Harry!—You would not go! You were determined! [*Shout.*

Harry. Zounds!—Come along!
[*Exit in Haste*—MILFORD *follows him, laughing.*

Officer. [*Stopping him.*] A word with you, sir, if you please.

Milf. With me!—Who are you?—What do you want?

Officer. You are my prisoner.

Milf. Prisoner!—Damnation!—Let me go!

Officer. I must do my duty, sir.

Milf. Here, here—this is your duty.

[*Pulling out his Purse.*

Mr. Smith. [*Advancing.*] It must not be, sir.

Milf. Mr. Smith!—What, at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault! Why do you lead his son to these places? He heard you were to bring him here.

Milf. Furies!—Marker! [*To a* MARKER *passing.*] Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly!

Marker. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

[*Shout.*]

Milf. Zounds! Let me but go and see the match—

Mr. Smith. You must not, sir.

Milf. [*To another* MARKER.] Marker!

Marker. Sir!

Milf. Who wins?

Marker. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Milf. Tell Harry Dornton I am here in trouble. Desire him to come this moment.

Marker. Very well, sir. [*Shout.*

Milf. [*To the* OFFICER.] I'll give you ten guineas for five minutes!

Mr. Smith. Take him away, sir.

Officer. You must come along, sir.

Milf. [*To a* MARKER *returning.*] Have you told him?

Marker. He can't come, sir.

Milf. Very well, Harry! Very well! [*To the* SECOND MARKER.] Well, sir?

Marker. He would not leave the Court for a thousand pounds.

Officer. Come, come, sir! [*To his* TWO ATTENDANTS.] Bring him along!

Milf. Hands off, scoundrels! [*Shout.*] Friends! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

The House of MR. SILKY.

A Room of Business, Ledger, Letter-files, Inkstand, &c.

SILKY *discovered, and* JACOB *entering.*

Silky Well, Jacob! Have you been?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Silky. Well, and what news? How is he?—Very bad?

Jacob. Dead, sir.

Silky. [*Overjoyed.*] Dead?

Jacob. As Deborah!

Silky. [*Aside.*] I'm a lucky man! [*Aloud.*] Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

Jacob. I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

Silky. That's right, Jacob! I am a lucky man! And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

Jacob. Oh yes, sir!—He was rich! A gentleman in his own country!

Silky. And did you take care they should not know you?

Jacob. To be sure, sir! You had given me my lesson!

Silky. Ay, ay, Jacob! That's right!—You are a fine boy! Mind me and I'll make a man of you!—

And you think they had heard nothing of his having called on me?

Jacob. Not a word!

Silky. [*Aside.*] It was a lucky mistake! [*Aloud.*] Well, Jacob! Keep close! Don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown!

Jacob. You promised me a guinea, sir!

Silky. Did I, Jacob? Did I? Well, well! I'll give you a guinea! But be close! Did you call at the Widow Warren's?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Silky. And will she see me?

Jacob. She desires you will be there in an hour.

Silky. Very well, Jacob—keep close! Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill, and dying! [*Aside.*] It is a lucky stroke!— Close, Jacob, my boy!

Jacob. But give me the guinea, sir.

Silky. What, now, Jacob?

Jacob. If you please, sir. You may forget—

Silky. Well, there, Jacob! there! You'll be a rich man, Jacob! A cunning fellow! I read it in your countenance, Jacob! Close, Jacob, and then!—

Jacob. Perhaps you'll give me another—?

Silky. Well, said, Jacob! You'll be a great man! Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man!—Here's somebody coming! Go, Jacob! Close!

Jacob. And another guinea? [*Exit.*

Silky. This is a lucky stroke!

Enter GOLDFINCH.

So, Mr. Goldfinch! What do you want?

Gold. Money—A thousand pounds directly.

Silky. Fine talking, Mr. Goldfinch! Money's a scarce commodity! Times are ticklish!

Gold. Tellee I must have it.

Silky. Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

Gold. Yes; good security and fifty per cent.

Silky. Why look you there now! For all you know the last annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred more than was offered by your friend Aaron the Jew!

Gold. My friend! Your friend! You colleague together.

Silky. Hear you now! For all you know I have always been your friend; always supplied you with money, have not I? And when I saw you running to ruin, I never told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy!

Gold. Easy enough! You have pretty well eased me!

Silky. There is your companion, Jack Milford: I shall be a heavy loser by him!

Gold. Ah! It's all up with poor Jack! He's fixed at last!

Silky. What do you mean?

Gold. Old Dornton has sent the Nab-man after him!

Silky. And arrested him?

Gold. Yes, he's touch'd!

Silky. [*Calling*.] Jacob!

Enter JACOB.

Run as fast as you can to my good friend, Mr. Strawshoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainders for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford! Make haste!

Jacob. Yes, sir. [*Exit*.

Gold. I thought you were Jack Milford's friend, too!

Silky. So I am, Mr. Goldfinch; but I must provide for my family!

Gold. Come, come!—The bit!—Tellee I want the coal, directly! Sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning! Three Herod brood mares with each an Eclipse colt! Would not lose 'em for all Lombard Street! So will you let me have the bit?

Silky. Dear! dear! I tell you I can't, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Then some other Jew must.

Silky. Jew! Hear you! Hear you! This it is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift! Calls me Jew! I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to tabernacle on a Sunday!

Gold. Yes! You cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning. [*Going.*

Silky. Nay, but stay, Mr. Goldfinch! Stay! I want to talk to you!—I have a scheme to make a man of you!

Gold. What? Bind me 'prentice to a usurer?

Silky. Pshaw! You are in pursuit of the Widow Warren?

Gold. Well?

Silky. Now what will you give me, and I'll secure her to you?

Gold. You?

Silky. I!

Gold. Which way?

Silky. I have an instrument in my power, I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all

her life: and that I am sure she will never do if she can help it.

Gold. You a deed?

Silky. Yes, I.

Gold. Show it me!

Silky. Not for twenty thousand pounds!—Depend upon me, I have it! I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her! That is, on proper conditions—If not, Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her!

Gold. Indeed, old Judas! Well, what are your conditions?

Silky. I find the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

Gold. Ay?

Silky. Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch! And my conscience tell me that, risk and character and all things considered, I must come in for my thirds.

Gold. Your conscience tells you that?

Silky. Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch—Fifty thousand is a fair price.

Gold. For the soul of a miser.

Silky. If you'll join me, say so.

Gold. Fifty thousand?

Silky. Not a farthing less!—What, will there not be a hundred thousand remaining?

Gold. Why, that's true!—It will cut a fine dash!

Silky. To be sure it will!—Come with me; I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement. After which, we must fight cunning—The Widow is a vain, weak woman—You must get her written promise!

Gold. Written?

Silky. Under her own hand; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture.

Gold. Well said, old one!

Silky. Not less than twenty thousand pounds! A jury would grant half!

Gold. Why, you're a good one!

Silky. That would secure something, and we would snack!

Gold. Damme, you're a deep one!

Silky. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I am, Mr. Goldfinch?—Signed on stamp!

Gold. You know a thing or two!

Silky. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think I do, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. But the Devil will have you at last!

Silky. Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch! Don't terrify me!—I hate the Devil, Mr. Goldfinch, indeed I do! I hate the name of him!—Heaven keep me out of his fiery clutches!

Gold. No—he has you safe enough!—Bait the trap but with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling.

Silky. Don't talk about the Devil, Mr. Goldfinch! Pray don't. But think about the Widow—secure her.

Gold. Must not lose the Eclipse colts!

Silky. Pshaw! Mr. Goldfinch; think less of the colts, and more of the Widow! [GOLDFINCH *going.*

Gold. My phaeton is at the door—Drive up the City-road, and be with her in a canter.

Silky. Get her promise in black and white.

Gold. Come and see me mount—I'm the lad—Up hill and down—Highways and byeways—That's your sort! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The House of the WIDOW WARREN.

Enter JENNY *and* SOPHIA, *meeting.*

Jenny. O, miss! I have got something for you!

Soph. Something for me!—What is it? What is it?

Jenny. [*Her Hand behind her.*] What will you give me.

Soph. O, I'll give you ——[*Feeling in her Pocket.*] La, I've got no money! But I'll give you a kiss, and owe you sixpence.

Jenny. No—A shilling without the kiss.

Soph. Well, well, a shilling.

Jenny. There then. [*Giving her a small Parcel.*

Soph. La! what is it. [*Reads.*] *To Miss Sophia Freelove.*—And such a beautiful seal!—it's a pity to break it. [*Opening the Paper.*] La! nothing but a plum-cake!

Jenny. Is that all?

Soph. [*Considering.*] Ecod! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! —I do think—As sure as sixpence, it is!—It is ——

Jenny. Is what?

Soph. O, la, it is!

Jenny. What's the matter with the girl?

Soph. Ecod, Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw!

Jenny. I see nothing curious about it!

Soph. O, but you shall see!—Give me a knife! O, no, that would spoil all!—Look you, Jenny, look! Do but look!—[*Breaks open the Cake and

finds a Valentine.] Ha, ha, ha ha! I told you so! The sweet, dear——[*Kisses it.*] Did you ever see such a plum-cake in your whole life, Jenny?—And look, here!—[*Opening the Valentine.*] O, how beautiful! —The shape of a honey-suckle!—What should that mean?—And two doves cooing!—But here! Here's the writing!

The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove,
Are types of chaste and faithful love.
Ah! were such peace and truth but mine,
I'd gladly be your valentine!

[*Repeating.*] Were such peace and truth but mine!— La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours!

Jenny. So, so! Mr. Dornton sends you valentines, miss?

Soph. O yes. Jenny! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman!

Jenny. You must give me that valentine, miss.

Soph. Give it you?

Jenny. Yes—that I may show it your mamma.

Soph. Indeed, but don't you think it! I would not give you this tiny bit of paper, no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world!—— And if you were to tell ma', and she were to take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you, as long as I live!

Jenny. O, but indeed, miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing.

Soph. Nah, Jenny, you know I am very good to you.—And here—Here! Don't tell ma', and I'll give you this silver thimble. [*Exit* JENNY.

Enter WIDOW WARREN *and* MR. SULKY.

Widow. You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky!—The wild man of the woods broke loose!

Do return to your keeper, good Orang Outang; and don't go about to terrify the children!

Sulky. I tell you, madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

Soph. My brother?

Sulky. Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

Soph. O dear!

Widow. And, pray now, what is that to me?

Sulky. Madam!

Widow. I am not arrested.

Sulky. Would you were!

Widow. Oh, the savage!

Sulky. The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

Soph. Don't be cross with ma', sir; I'm sure she'll release my brother.

Widow. You are sure, minikin!

Soph. Yes, ma'; for I am sure no soul on earth would suffer a fellow creature to lie and pine to death in a frightful dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water.

Sulky. Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

Widow. Recommended?

Sulky. Yes.

Widow. But leaving it to my own prudence.

Sulky. More's the pity.

Widow. Which prudence I shall follow.

Sulky. It will be the first time in your life—You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

Soph. [illegible] come dear ma', I am sure you have a pitiful he[illegible] I am sure you could not rest in your bed, if my poor brother was in prison!

Widow. Hold your prattle, child!

Soph. Ah, I'm sure you'll make him happy, and pay his debts!

Widow. Why, Jenny! [*Calling.*

Sulky. You won't?

Widow. Jenny!

Enter JENNY.

Soph. La, dear sir, have patience——

Sulky. You are an angel!—And you are——
[*Exit.*

Soph. Pray, pray, sir, do stay! [*Exit, following.*

Widow. He is a very intolerable person!—Pray, Jenny, how did it happen, that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Enter SERVANT *and* MR. SILKY.

Serv. Mr. Silky, madam. [*Exit.*

Widow. Leave us, Jenny. [*Exit* JENNY.] So, Mr. Silky—What is this very urgent business of yours?

Silky. [*Looking round.*] Are we safe, madam? Will nobody interrupt us; nobody overhear us?

Widow. No, no—But what is the meaning of all this caution?

Silky. [*After fastening the Door and carefully drawing the Will from his Pocket.*] Do you know this hand-writing, madam?

Widow. Ah!—It is my poor old dear man's, I see.

Silky. You have heard of a will he left in France?

Widow. Pshaw!—Will, indeed!—He left no will!

Silky. Yes, he did, madam.

Widow. I won't believe it!—He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea!—Poor simple soul! I was his darling!

Silky. His darling, madam?—With your permission, I will just read a single clause in which his darling

is mentioned!—Look, madam, it is the Alderman's hand! [*Reads.*] *But as I have sometimes painfully suspected, that the excessive affection, which my said wife, Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with sinister views, it is my will, that, should she marry, or give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal, that she shall be cut off with an annuity of six hundred a year; and the residue of my effects, in that case, to be equally divided between my natural son, John Milford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove.*

Widow. Six hundred a year! An old dotard!—Brute!—Monster!—I hate him now, as heartily as when he was alive!—But, pray, sir, how came you by this will?

Silky. Why, it was odd enough! And yet easy enough!—My name is Silky, madam——

Widow. Well?

Silky. And you know the executor's name is Sulky——

Widow. Well?

Silky. The gentleman, that delivered it, only made a mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky, instead of Mr. Sulky!

Widow. And where is that gentleman?

Silky. Ah, poor man!—He is dead!

Widow. Dead!

Silky. And gone!

Widow. You are a very great rogue.—And does Mr. Sulky know of this will being delivered?

Silky. Not a syllable;—it's all close and smooth!

Widow. So much the better.—Come, give it me, and—

Silky. Excuse me there, madam; I can't do that!

Widow. Why so?

Silky. My conscience won't let me! I must provide for my family.

Widow. And, pray, what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky?

Silky. Why, madam, I have a proposal—You know the power of your own charms!

Widow. Which, I believe, is more than you do, Mr. Silky.

Silky. Hah! don't say so, madam! Don't say so!—Would I were a handsome, rich and well-born youth!——But you know Mr. Goldfinch?—Ah, ha, ha, ha! I could tell you a secret——

Widow. What, that he is dying for me, I suppose?

Silky. Ah!—So smitten!—Talks of nothing else!

Widow. And is that any secret, think you?

Silky. The Alderman, I find, died worth more than a plum and a half——

Widow. Well?

Silky. I have talked the matter over with my friend Mr. Goldfinch; and he thinks it but reasonable, that, for a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one third.

Widow. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky?

Silky. I can't take less.

Widow. Why, you are a greater rogue than even I thought you!

Silky. Lord, madam, it's no roguery! It's only a knowledge of the world!—A young husband, with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a year, if you take any other husband.

Widow. You are a very shocking old miser, Mr.

Silky! A very repulsive sort of a person! What heart you had, is turned to stone! You are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes!—But I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach—I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

Silky. [*Surprised.*] What! old Mr. Dornton, madam?

Widow. Old Mr. Dornton, man?—I never saw the figure in my life! No! the gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton! The pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart!

Silky. Ha, ha, ha! Young Mr. Dornton!

Widow. So, you may take your will, and light your fire with it! You will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Sulky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner, and when I marry Mr. Dornton, he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

Sulky. Ha, ha, ha! No, madam, when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will! But if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you?

Widow. Lord, good man! don't mention the horrid idea!—Do leave me to my delightful meditations; I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss; and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue!

Silky. Very well, madam! The secret, for the present, remains between ourselves. You'll be silent for your own sake. Only remember, ha, ha, ha, if you should want me, I live at number 40. My name is on the door.——Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Dornton!—Good morning, madam.—Mr. Dornton! ha, ha, ha!——You'll send if you should want me!

[*Exit, laughing.*

Widow. Jenny! [*Calling.*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Ma'am!

Widow. As I was saying, Jenny—pray how did it happen, that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Jenny. Indeed, ma'am I don't know.

Widow. Cruel youth!

Jenny. I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can like him better than Mr. Goldfinch!

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny—But Mr. Dornton!—Oh, incomparable!

Jenny. I am sure, ma'am, if I was a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and, a fine lady, like you, I should say Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

Widow. Should you, Jenny?—Well, I don't know— [*Languishing.*

Goldfinch. [*Without.*] Tellee, I must see her.

Widow. As I live, here he comes!—He is such a boisterous person! [*Goes to the Glass.*] How do I look, Jenny?

Jenny. [*Significantly, after examining.*] You had better go up to your toilette, for a minute.

Widow. That smooth-tongued old extortioner, has put me into such a flutter! Don't let him go, Jenny.

Jenny. Never fear, ma'am.

Widow. I'll not stay too long. [*Exit.*

Enter GOLDFINCH, *his Clothes, Hat, and Boots, dirtied by a Fall.*

Gold. Here I am—All alive.

Jenny. Dear!—What's the matter?

Gold. Safe and sound!—Fine kick up!

Jenny. Have you been thrown?

Gold Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch —Souse!

Jenny. Dear me!

Gold Pretty commence! ——No matter—Limbs whole—Heart sound—That's your sort!

Jenny Where did it happen?

Gold. Bye road—Back of Islington—Had them tight in hand to—Came to a short turn and a narrow lane—Up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—Bounce!—Off they went—Road repairing —Wheelbarrow in the way—Crash—Out flew I—Whiz—Fire flashed—Lay stunned—Got up—Looked foolish—Horsewhipped Tom—Took coach, and drove here like the Devil in a whirlwind!

Jenny 'Tis very well your neck's not broke!

Gold Little stiff No matter—Damn all dancing masters, and their umbrellas!

Jenny You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch.—You stand so long shilly shally, that you'll be cut out at last.—If you had but a licence now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold Do you think so?

Jenny Think!—I'm sure on't.

Gold. Dammee, I'll post away and get one—Must not lose her—The game's up if I do!—Must have her!—Be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred!—I'll be back from the Commons in a smack!

Enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Gold. Ah, Widow! Here am I!

[*Runs up to her, kisses her boisterously, and dirties her Clothes.—Exit* JENNY.

Widow. I protest, Mr. Goldfinch——Was ever the like! [*Looking at herself.*

Gold. Never mind, brush off—I'm the lad!—Been to Hatchet's—Bespoke the wedding coach——

Widow. But—sir——

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—Hammer-cloth fringed—Green and white—Curtains festooned—Patent wheels—Silver furniture—All flash—Light as a bandbox—Trundle and spin after my greys, like a tandem down hill—Pass—Show 'em the road—Whurr—Whizz-gig—That's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb!—[*With Contempt.*] Tellee, it will be the thing—The go—The stare—The gape—the gaze!—The rich Widow and the tight one—There they go—Away they bowl—That's your sort—I'm the boy that shall drive you——

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch; if a certain event were, by the wise disposition of Providence, to take place, I should think proper to drive.

Gold. You drive!—If you do, damn me!

Widow. Sir!

Gold. I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—The knowing lad that's not to be had—Winter and summer—Fair weather and foul—Low ruts or no ruts—Never take a false quarter—No, no, Widow—I drive—Hayait!—Ah—Ah—Get on!—St—St—Touch Whitefoot in the flank—Tickle Snarler in the ear—Cut up the Yelper—Take out a fly's eye—Smack, crack—That's your sort!

Widow. I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning——

Gold. Go for the licence—— [*Going.*

Widow. Nay, but surely, Mr.——

Gold. Go for the licence—Resolved—Taken it here. [*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Widow. If retrospect and—and affection threw no other obstacles in the way—Yet the—the world—Prudence——

Gold. The world!—Prudence!—Damn the world—Damn prudence!

Widow. Oh, but, sir——

Gold. The world nor nobody else has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine.—We'll be married immediately——

Widow. Immediately? Mr. Goldfinch—I—
[*Undecided.*

Gold. What, you won't?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch!—I—do not—absolutely renunciate—But I—wish——

Gold. It was over—Know you do—Go for the licence——

Widow. Pray—Dear Mr. Goldfinch——

Gold. Go for the licence, I tellee.

Widow. Only a word——

Gold. To the wise—I'm he—Go for the licence—That's your sort! [*Exit.*

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch!—I declare——
[*Exit, following.*

SCENE II.

MR. DORNTON'S *House.*

MR. DORNTON *and* MR. SMITH.

Dorn. Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith. Much the same, sir;—the house never experienced a day like this!—Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dorn. Is Milford taken ?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Unprincipled prodigal !—My son owes his ruin to him alone !—But he shall suffer !

Mr. Smith. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dorn. Bid them come in. [*Exit.* MR. SMITH.] All my own fault, my own fond folly ! Denied him nothing !—encouraged him to spend.

Re-enter MR. SMITH, *followed by* TRADESMEN.

Mr. Smith. This way, gentlemen.

Dorn. Zounds ! what an army !—A vile thoughtless profligate !

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. [*To* MR. DORNTON.] You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dorn. Very well.—I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen——Abandoned spendthrift !

[*Exit, followed by* MR. SMITH.

1 *Trades.* I don't like all this !—What does it mean ?

2 *Trades.* Danger !

3 *Trades.* He has has been a good customer—None of your punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

1 *Trades.* O, a different thing ! Nothing to be got by them—Always take care to affront them.

2 *Trades.* Perhaps, it is a trick of the old gentleman, to inspect into our charges.

3 *Trades.* I don't like that—Rather hear of any tax than of taxing my bill.

1 *Trades.* Humph ! Tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

2 *Trades.* Can't have less than fifty per cent. for retail credit trade!

3 *Trades.* To be sure not:—if a man would live in style, and save a fortune, as he ought.

1 *Trades.* Hush! Mind—All devilish hard run!

Omnes. Certainly!

1 *Trades.* Not a guinea in the house!—To-morrow's Saturday—Hem!

Enter MR. DORNTON.

Dorn. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant.—Pray, how happens it that you bring your accounts in here?

1 *Trades.* We received notice, sir.

Dorn. You have none of you any demands upon me?

1 *Trades.* Happy to serve you, sir.

2 *Trades.* We shall be all glad of your custom, sir.

Omnes. All, all!

Dorn. And do you come expecting to be paid?

1 *Trades.* Money, sir, is always agreeable!

2 *Trades.* Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity!

3 *Trades.* Bills come round quick!

4 *Trades.* Workmen must eat!

2 *Trades.* For my part, I always give a gentleman, who is a gentleman, his own time.

Dorn. I understand you!—And what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest?

Hosier. A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I: and, what they will think strange, I get more by those, who do look over their bills, than those who do not!

1 *Trades.* Humph! }
2 *Trades.* Blab! } *Aside.*
3 *Trades.* Snab! }

Dorn. And what may be the amount of your bill, sir?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dorn. No right!—What do you mean?

Hosier. Your son, sir, made me what I am: redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness, to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dorn. Would you? Would you? [*Greatly affected.*]—You look like an honest man!—But what do you do here then?

Hosier. Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more, if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dorn. [*Shakes him by the Hand.*] You are an honest fellow! An unaccountable!—And so Harry has been your friend?

Hosier. Yes, sir? a liberal-minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dorn. Zounds, sir! How came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

Dorn. A philosopher!

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, sir—I'm a man.

Dorn. Why, is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking-weaver? Give me your bill!

Hosier. Excuse me, sir.

Dorn. Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself.

Hosier. I cannot, must not, sir.

Dorn. Sir, I insist on—

Enter HARRY DORNTON.

So, sir! [*Turning angrily round.*] Why have you assembled these people into whose debt you have dishonestly run, wanting the power to pay; and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance?

Harry. O, sir, you don't know them! They are a very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not you, gentlemen?

1 *Trades.* Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Harry. Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without, my very good friends. [*Exeunt* TRADESMEN.] Mr. Williams— [*Takes his Hand.*

Hosier. Sir— [*Exit.*

Dorn. How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here? How dare you?

Harry. [*With continued good Humour.*] Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dorn. Have you the effrontery to suppose, that I can or shall pay them?—What is it you mean?

Harry. To let you see I have creditors.

Dorn. Cheats! Blood-suckers!

Harry. Some of them: but that is my fault—They must be paid.

Dorn. Paid.

Harry. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

Dorn. You will die in an alms-house!

Harry. May be so; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there!

Dorn. Harry! Zounds! [*Checking his Fondness.*] Paid! Whom do you mean to rob?

Harry. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dorn. Are you not— [*Wanting Words.*

Harry. Yes, sir.

Dorn. Quit the room! Begone!

Harry. You are the best of men, sir, and I—But I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle—But it is too late—Suffer I ought, and suffer I must—My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dorn. You have ruined me!

Harry. The whole is but five thousand pounds!

Dorn. But?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all!

Harry. No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Enter MR. SMITH, *in Consternation.*

Mr. Smith. Bills are pouring in so fast upon us, we shall never get through!

Harry. [*Astounded: seized almost with Horror.*] What!—What is that you say?

Mr. Smith. We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly!

Dorn. Pay it no more!—Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors!

Harry. [*Taking* MR. SMITH *aside: with Terror.*] Are you serious?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Harry. [*With dreadful Anguish.*] Are you se-

rious, I say?—Is it not some trick to impose upon me?

Mr. Smith. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself!—If we have not a supply in half an hour, we must stop!

Harry. [*Wildly.*]—My father!—Sir! [*Turning away.*] Is it possible?—Disgraced?—Ruined?—In reality ruined?—By me?—Are these things so?—[*Momentary fury.*] Tol de rol—

Dorn. Harry!—How you look!—You frighten me!

Harry. [*Starting.*] It shall be done!

Dorn. What do you mean?—Calm yourself, Harry!

Harry. Ay! By Heaven!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry!

Harry. This instant! [*Going.*

Dorn. [*Calling.*] Harry!

Harry. Don't droop. [*Returning.*] Don't despair! I'll find relief——[*Aside.*] First to my friend—He cannot fail? But if he should!—Why ay, then to Megæra!—I will marry her, in such a cause! were she fifty widows and fifty furies!

Dorn. Calm yourself, Harry!

Harry. I am calm!—Very calm!—It shall be done! Don't be dejected—You are my father—You were the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the good, and respected by the great—You flourished prosperously!—But you had a son!—I remember it!

Dorn. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry?

Harry. I won't be long away!

Dorn. Stay where you are, Harry! [*Catching his Hand.*] All will be well! I am very happy! Do not leave me!—I am very happy!—Indeed I am, Harry!—Very happy!

Harry. Tol de rol—Heaven bless you, sir! You are a worthy gentleman!—I'll not be long!

Dorn. Hear me, Harry!—I am very happy!

Enter a CLERK.

Clerk. Mr. Smith, sir, desires to know, whether we may send to the Bank for a thousand pounds worth of silver.

Harry. [*Furiously.*] No, scoundrel!

[*Breaks away and exit.*

Dorn. [*Calling and almost sobbing.*] Harry!—Harry—I am very happy!—Very happy! Harry Dornton!—[*In a Kind of Stupor.*] I am very happy!—Very happy! [*Exit, following.*

SCENE III.

The House of MR. SILKY.

MR. SILKY *and* JACOB.

Silky. Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob?

Jacob. No, sir.

Silky. Nor any message from the widow?

Jacob. No, sir. [*Knocking heard.*

Silky. See who knocks, Jacob! [*Exit* JACOB.] I dare say it is one or t'other! They must come to me at last!

Enter HARRY DORNTON *in wild Haste, following* JACOB.

Harry. [*Entering.*] Are you sure he is at home?

Jacob. He is here, sir. [*Exit.*

Harry. Mr. Silky!— [*Panting.*

Silky. Ah! My dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do?—I hope you are very well! I am exceedingly

glad to see you! This call is so kind, so condescending! It gives me infinite pleasure!

Harry. Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a favour.

Silky. A favour! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end.

Harry. You must exert your whole friendship!

Silky. Friendship, sir? say duty! 'Twas you that made a man of me! I should have been ruined, in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world!

Harry. [*Impatiently.*] Hear me! I know you can.

Silky. Oh yes! the sum you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts have made me—I won't say what—But, your father, and perhaps another or two excepted, I say perhaps, I'll show my head with the proudest of 'em.

Harry. Why, then I am a fortunate man!

Silky. To be sure you are! How can I serve you? What can I do? Make me happy!

Harry. You can rescue me from phrensy!

Silky. Can I?—I am proud? Infinitely happy!—What? How? I am a lucky fellow! Tell me which way?—Where can I run? What can I do?

Harry. [*Dreading.*] The request is serious—trying!

Silky. So much the better! So much the better! Whom would I serve, if not you?—You! The son of the first man in the city!

Harry. [*Wildly.*] You mistake!

Silky. I don't! You are, you are! Dornton and Co. may challenge the world.

Harry. Woefully mistaken!

Silky. Pooh!

Harry. Our house is in danger of stopping payment!

Silky. Sir?—Stop payment!

Harry. My follies are the cause!

Silky. Stop payment!

Harry. I have not been used to ask favours—but—

Silky. Stop payment?

Harry. Scorn me, curse me, spurn me, but save my father!

Silky. Stop payment?

Harry. What means this alteration in your countenance?

Silky. Oh dear, no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least. Ha, ha, ha, I assure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our situation. Yourself and two other friends must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds—Mark me!—Must!

Silky. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton! Fifty thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty thousand pounds! Me? Or half the sum? Or a fifty of the sum? Me!

Harry. Prevaricating scound——Hear me, sir!

Silky. [*In fear.*] Yes, sir!

Harry. I must be calm—[*Bursting out.*] Are you not a—I say—Sir—You have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist, observe, sir! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty!

Silky. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad? Or do you think me mad?

Harry. I think you the basest of wretches?

Silky. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any

thing to serve you! Any thing, I protest to Heaven!—Would go any where, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my shoes! Any dirty menial office that cost you nothing—And this you call showing your gratitude?

Silky. Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. [*His anger rising.*] And will you give no help to the house?

Silky. Nay, Mr. Dornton!—

Harry. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring! Will you not, sir?

Silky. [*Retreating.*] Nay, Mr. Dornton!—

Harry. Will you not, sir?

Silky. Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

Harry. [*Seizing, Shaking him, and Throwing him from him.*] Scoundrel! [*Exit.*

Silky. Bless my heart!—Stop payment?—The house of Dornton!—Fifty thousand pounds!—I declare I am all of a tremble! James! William!

Enter Two CLERKS.

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton?

1 *Clerk.* I have just been examining the books, sir. We have bills to the amount of—

Silky. How much? How much? a thousand pounds?

1 *Clerk.* Three, sir.

Silky. Three!—Three thousand?—Bless my heart!

1 *Clerk.* We heard the news the very moment after young Mr. Dornton came in!

Silky. Run, pay the bills away!

1 *Clerk.* Where, sir?

Silky. Any where! Any body will take 'em!

Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware; it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone! Don't leave him! Give my very best respects to him!—He will oblige me infinitely! [*Exit First* CLERK.] And go you, James, to the clearing house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there are any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent. discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can—[*Exit* CLERK.] It's a safe speculation: I know the house: there must be a good round dividend. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The House of the WIDOW WARREN.

Enter JENNY, *followed by* HARRY DORNTON, *who, with an oppressed Heart, but half Drunk with Wine and Passion, assumes the Appearance of wild and excessive Gaiety.*

Harry. Away, handmaid of Hecate! Fly!

Jenny. Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say!

Harry. Will you begone, Cerberea!—Invite my goddess to descend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts!

Enter WIDOW—*and exit* JENNY, *dissatisfied.*

Widow. [*Smiling.*] Mr. Dornton!

Harry. Widow!—Here am I!—Phäeton the Second, hurled from my flaming car!—I come

burning with fierce desires, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony! May these things be! Speak, my saving angel!

Widow. Nay, but—! Dear Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Do not imagine, amiable Widow, that I am mad!—No, no!—[*With a hysteric Laugh.*] Only a little flighty—Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy franticly, flew in amorous phrensy to the attack, and will carry the place, or die on the spot!—Powder and poison await my choice; and let me tell you, sweet Widow, I am a man of my word. So you'll have me, won't you?

Widow. Oh, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Why, you would not see my father perish! Would you? And me expire! Would you?

Widow. Am I so very cruel?

Harry. Then say, Yes!—Yes, or—Pistols—Daggers—Cannon balls!

Widow. Yes, sir, yes, yes!

Harry. Hold, fair Widow! Kind Widow, hold! Be not rash!—I am the veriest villain!—Avoid me!—A ruined—But that were indeed a trifle—My father! Him! Him have I ruined! Heard you that? Bring forth your hoards! Let him once more be himself, and bid me kiss the dust!—And wilt thou, Widow, be his support?—[*Eagerly.*] Wilt thou?

Widow. Cruel question! How can I deny?

Harry. Immortal blessings be upon thee! My father!

Widow. Will be all rapture to hear—!

Harry. [*Shakes his Head.*] Ah, ha, ha, ha! [*Sighs.*] You don't know my father! A strange, affectionate—! That loves me—!—Oh! He—! And you see how I use him! You see how I use

him!—But no matter——Tol de rol—We'll be married to-night.

Widow. Oh, fie!

Harry. Ay, my Madona! To-night's the day—— The sooner the better—'Tis to rescue a father, blithsome Widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love—Remember——Sin with open eyes, Widow——Money—I must have money—Early in the morn, ere counters echo with the ring of gold. fifty thousand must be raised.

Widow. It shall, Mr. Dornton.

Harry. Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again, beautiful vision, speak! Shall it?

Widow. Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall.

Harry. Remember!—Fifty thousand the first thing in the morning?

Widow. And would not a part this evening? [*Still coquetting.*

Harry. [*Suddenly.*] What sayest thou?—Oh, no! Whoo!—Thousands—

Widow. Else I have a trifling sum.

Harry. [*Eagerly.*] How much?

Widow. Six thousand—

Harry. Six?

Widow. Which I meant to have disposed of, but—

Harry. No, no! I'll dispose of it, dear Widow! —[*Kisses her.*] I'll dispose of it in a twinkling! [*Elevated.*]—Doubt not my gratitude——Let this, and this— [*Kissing.*

Widow. Fie! You are a sad man—But I'll bring you a draft!

Harry. Do, my blooming Widow! Empress of the golden isles, do!

Widow. But, remember, this trifle is for your own use.

Harry. No, my pearl unparalleled! My father's! My father's! Save but my father, and I will kiss the ground on which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on thy bounty! [*Self Indignation.*

[*Exit* WIDOW.

At least till time and fate shall means afford
Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me.

Enter JENNY, *peeping.*

Jenny. St!

Harry. Ah, ha! My merry maid of May!

Jenny. I suppose you are waiting to see Miss Sophy, now you have got rid of the old lady?

Harry. Got rid of the old lady!——The old lady is to be my blooming, youthful bride!—And I, happy youth, am written and destined in the records of eternity her other half!——Heigho!

Jenny. Lord, sir, what rapturation!—But stay a little, and I'll tell Miss Sophy her mamma wants her here; so then—Hush!—

[JENNY *retires, making a Sign.*

Enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Widow. An't you a sad man?—Here's the draft.

Harry. Thanks, my Sultana!—This halcyon night the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire——

Widow. Go, go.

Harry. Ay, to-night we'll marry; shall we not?

Widow. I'll not answer you a word!

Enter SOPHIA, *skippingly, but stops short.*

How dare you talk to me of to-night?

[*Sitting down, and coquetting.*

Harry. To-night shall be a night of wonder! And we'll love like—[*Aside.*] like Darby and Joan!—[SOPHIA *advancing on Tiptoe.*] Hey for the parson's permission! Hey, my sublime widow!

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded moment!—

Harry. But here first let me kneel, and thus to, Ceres pay—

[*Going to kiss her Hand in Rapture, meets the Eye of* SOPHIA.

Soph. [*Coming between them with bursting Trepidation, taking the Valentine from her Bosom, and presenting it.*] There, sir!

Widow. Ah!

Soph. There, sir!—Oh, pray, sir, take it, sir!

Widow. Why, minikin!—

Soph. I request, sir!—I desire, sir!

Harry. [*Declining it.*] Tol de rol——

Soph. [*Tearing the Paper piecemeal, and throwing it spitefully away.*] Why, then, there, sir—and there, sir—and there, there, there, there, sir!

Widow. Poor minikin! I declare, she is jealous!

Soph. [*Her Sobs rising.*] And I'll—I'll—wri-i-ite to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly——

Widow. Fie, child!

Soph. And I'll go do-o-o-own ——into Glo-o-o-ostershire—

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Soph. And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false, base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-ate you, and despise you; and I'll ha-a-ate you, and despise you myself!

Widow. Poor thing!

Soph. And, moreover, I'll hate and despise all mankind! And for your sake [*With great Energy.*] I'll live and die a maid!

Widow. Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will!

Harry. Widow! I'm a sad fellow! Don't have me —I'm a vile fellow! Sophy! you are right to despise me! I am going to marry your mother!

Soph. I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I wo-on't live in such a false-hearted city! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make yourself so ridiculous!

Harry. No, no, sweet Sylph, it is my fault! all my fault!

Widow. [*Enraged.*] Be gone, miss!

Harry. [*Interposing.*] Sweet widow, gentle widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! Six thousand pounds is the earnest money paid down, for the reptile Harry Dornton!—I love you, Sophy!

Widow. How, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. I do, by Heaven! Take back your money, Widow! [*Offering the Draft.*] I'm a sad scoundrel!

Soph. You are a base faithless man, you know you are! And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless woman, for all you are my own mother, to let my poor brother Milford go to be starved to death in a dark dungeon!

Harry. Milford in prison!

Soph. Yes, sir; arrested by your cruel, old, ugly father! I'm sure he is ugly! Though I never saw him in my life, I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous, ugly monster! [*Exit.*

Harry. Is this true, Widow?

Widow. [*Stammering.*] Sir—

Harry. [*Agitated.*] Arrested by my father?—Squandering her money on a ruined reprobate, and won't relieve her husband's son?

Widow. Nay, but, dear Mr. Dornton!

Harry. I'll be with you again presently, Widow! presently, presently. [*Exit.*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Goldfinch. I'll presently send him about his business. Mr. Dornton talks, I don't know how, Jenny—Says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH.

Gold. Well, Widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir!

[*Walks up the Stage disdainfully.*

Jenny. [*Aside to* GOLDFINCH.] Have you got the licence?

Gold. No.

Jenny. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jenny. And not for the licence?

Gold. Tellee I've been to Tattersall's!

Jenny. Ah! It's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!——Must not lose 'em!

Jenny. [*Aside.*] Stupid booby!

Widow. [*Advancing.*] What is your present business, sir?

Gold. My business? Ha, ha, ha! That's a good one! I'll tell you my business——

[*Approaching with open Arms.*

Widow. [*Haughtily.*] Keep your distance; sir!

Gold. Distance, Widow? No; that's not the way. I should be double distanced if I did.

Widow. Were you indeed a man of deportment and breeding—!

Gold. Breeding?—Look at my spurs!

Widow. Had you the manner, the spirit, the——But no—you are no gentleman—

Gold. Whew! No gentleman? [*Claps on his Hat, and takes a lounging impudent Swagger.*] Dammee, that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentle-

man?—Ask in the box-lobby! Inquire at the school! [*In a boxing Attitude.*

Widow. Sir, you are a tedious person: your company is troublesome!

Gold. Turf or turnpike, keep the best of cattle—Walk, trot, or gallop——Run, amble, or canter——Laugh at every thing on the road——Give 'em all the go by—Beat the trotting butcher!—Gentleman? ——That's your sort!

Jenny. [*Aside, to* GOLDFINCH.] Follow me. [*Exit.*

Widow. I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon, by you or your horse-jockey jargon any more. [*Exit.*

Gold. Here's a kick up! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at the House of a SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *in the same Hurry, and* OFFICER.

Harry. Despatch, man! Despatch! Tell Jack Milford I can't wait a moment!——Hold—Write an acquittal instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word to him of my intention!

Officer. A thousand, sir? It is almost five thousand!

Harry. Impossible!

Officer. There are detainders already to that amount.

Harry. Five thousand!

Officer. Must I write the acquittal for the sum total.

Harry. No—Yes, write it, however. Have it ready. Early to-morrow morning it shall all be paid.

Officer. In the mean time there may be more detainders.

Harry. Damnation! What shall I do?—Run, send him!—And, do you hear? a bottle of Champagne and two rummers!—Rummers! Mind!—Not a word to him!—[*Exit* OFFICER.]—Five thousand?—And more detainders.

Enter WAITER, *with Bottle and Glasses, and* MILFORD *following.*

Milf. Mr. Dornton!

Harry. How now, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass, without giving you a call. Your hand, my boy!—Cheer up!

Milf. Excuse me,, sir!

Harry. Why, Jack!—Where is the wine?——[*Fills the Rummers.*] Come, drink, and wash away grief! 'Sblood, never look frosty and askaunce, man, but drink, drink, drink!

Milf. [*Abruptly.*] Sir, I am not disposed to drink!

Harry. Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold—! But I won't afflict you—Hurrah, Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me!——I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth——Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain!—I have sold myself—Am disinherited—Have lost—Ah, Sophia!——Hurrah, Jack! Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl; and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness——Drink, my noble soul!

Milf. Your mirth is impertinent, sir!

Harry. So it is, Jack—Damn'd impertinent! But ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry!

Milf. Sir? I must inform you, that though I have been betrayed by you and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

Harry. Betrayed by me?

Milf. Ay, sir! I have had full information of your mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mis. Warren might meet no interruption!

Harry. Pshaw! – Good day, Jack, good day!

Milf. And pray, sir, inform your father, I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

Harry. [*Suddenly returning and darting towards him, but stopping short.*] Jack Milford!—Utter no blasphemy against my father!——I am half mad! —I came your friend—

Milf. I despise your friendship!

Harry. That as you please—Think all that is vile of me——I defy you to exceed the truth—But utter not a word against my father!

Milf. Deliberately, pitifully malignant!——Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors!

Harry. 'Tis false!

Milf. False?

Harry. A vile, eternal falsehood!

Enter OFFICER, *with Papers and Writs.*

Officer. Gentlemen!—Did you call?

Harry. [*Interrupting him.*] Leave the room, sir!

Officer. But——!

Harry. We are busy, sir!

Officer. I thought——

Harry. I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted! [*Exit* OFFICER.]—[*Pause of Consideration.*] Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately. [*Exit* HARRY.

Milf. [*After ruminating.*] What were those papers? Surely I have not been rash?—Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once?—He seemed half drunk, or half frantic!——Said he was ruined, disinherited——Talked something of to-morrow—what could the purport of his coming be?

Enter OFFICER.

Well, sir?

Officer. Here is a note, sir.

Milf. From whom?

Officer. The young gentleman.

Milf. [Reads aside.] *I understand you are at liberty*—How! At liberty? [*The* OFFICER *bows.*]—[Reads.] *I shall walk up to Hyde Park: you will find me at the Ring at six—exactly at six.*—At liberty?

Officer. Your debts are all discharged.

Milf. Impossible!—Which way?—By whom?

Officer. Why, sir—That is—

Milf. No hesitation, but tell me by whom?

Officer. Sir—I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman?

Milf. Ask no questions, sir; make no delay! Tell me who has paid my debts?—Tell me the truth—Consequences you do not suspect depend upon your answer!

Officer. I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you: and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy—

Milf. [*Astonishment.*] What, then it was Mr. Dornton? [OFFICER *bows.*] Madman! What have I done! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The House of DORNTON.

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *followed by* MR. SMITH.

Harry. And the danger not yet past?

Mr. Smith. Far from it: Mr. Sulky has twice brought us supplies, and is gone a third time.

Harry. Brave spirit! He would coin his heart! —My father supports it nobly?

Mr. Smith. He is anxious only for you.

Harry. Well, well! Ha, ha, ha! Tol lol—I'll bring him relief—Comfort him, assure him of it! —Ay, hear me, Heaven, and—! To-night is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well!—Excellent well!

Mr. Smith. [*Significantly.*] You will marry the Widow?

Harry. Have you heard?—Ay, boy, ay!—We'll marry!—I will go and prepare her,—Early in the morning, that all may be safe —Why, ay—[*Looking at his Watch.*] The proctor's, the lawyer's, the Widow's, and [*Starts.*] at six?—[*Aside.*] The Ring?—The Ring at six?—Friends!—Who can say what may happen?—What, leave my father to perish?—I'll not go! Though all hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go!—Mr. Smith, take care of my father!—Mark me, I recommend my father to you! [*Exit.*

Enter MR. DORNTON.

Dorn. Where is Harry?—Did not I hear his voice?

Mr. Smith. He is this moment gone, sir.

Dorn. Gone where?

Mr. Smith. Do you not suspect where, sir?

Dorn. [*Alarmed.*] Suspect!—What?—Speak!

Mr. Smith. To the Widow Warren's.

Dorn. For what purpose?

Mr. Smith. To marry her.

Dorn. Marry!—The Widow Warren!

Mr. Smith. And save the house by her fortune.

Dorn. Generous Harry! Noble affectionate boy! I'd perish first!

Mr. Smith. He seems very resolute—He has already had six thousand pounds of her.

Dorn. Marry her? I shall go mad!—Where is Mr. Sulky?

Mr. Smith. He is just returned. I hear him in the compting-house.

Dorn. Tell him I wish to speak with him. [*Exit.* MR. SMITH.] Harry Dornton and the Widow Warren?—I shall die in Bedlam!

Enter MR. SULKY.

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. For to-day, perhaps.

Dorn. What bank have we to begin to-morrow?

Sulky. I can't tell— I fear not thirty thousand.

Dorn. Mr. Sulky, you—you—have this day shown yourself an active partner, and sincere friend.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. I have long esteemed you; I esteem you more and more.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. My son Harry—[*Hesitating.*] You're a very good man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't look so.

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am

sure you would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky; I am sure you would not!

Sulky. Whom?

Dorn. Harry Dornton. Would you?—Would you?—Would you, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. A kind question.

Dorn. Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not—Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

Sulky. Save? Impossible! Ruin only can reform him; total ruin.

Dorn. You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes have little affected him, but mine—! He is struck to the heart!—I know him.

Sulky. So do I.

Dorn. Struck to the heart!—I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man!—A great man!

Sulky. Humph.

Dorn. You know the Widow Warren, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Don't you?

Dorn. I never saw her in my life—I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cr[illegible] and her morals——

Sulky. Bad enough.

Dorn. Six thousand pounds at this moment is a great sum! I own it! But do you think I ought not to venture?

Sulky. Venture what?

Dorn. To—to take it from our bank?

Sulky. For what?

Dorn. For—For the—the relief of Harry Dornton?

Sulky. What you please! Take all! What is it to me?

Dorn. Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light?

Sulky. I can starve, like the rest?

Dorn. [*Snappish Haste.*] Very well, Mr. Sulky! Very well! I perceive you can be interested, and—and—

Sulky. And what?

Dorn. Very well, Mr. Sulky! Very well!

Sulky. I can stare bankruptcy in the face as stedfastly as you can.

Dorn. Ay, ay! no doubt! The world is all alike! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die!

Sulky. Why do you ask my advice? Take the money! Empty the coffers! Pour it all into his hat! Give him guineas to play at chuck-farthing, and bank-bills to curl his hair!

Dorn. Very well, Mr. Sulky!—Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice? Oh! It's all a farce!

Sulky. Humph!

Dorn. [*Rings.*] Very well, sir! Very well!

Enter SERVANT.

Is the carriage ready?

Serv. It's at the door, sir. [*Exit.*

Dorn. [*Going, turns back.*] So, Mr. Sulky, you could see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often, as well as now, given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend?

Sulky. Marry?

Dorn. Yes, marry!

Sulky. Whom?

Dorn. The Widow Warren, I tell you!

Sulky. Harry Dornton?

Dorn. Yes, Harry Dornton!

Sulky. When? Where?

Dorn. Immediately! With unexampled affection, to save me, who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage and such a woman can inflict!

Sulky. Take the money!

Dorn. Are you serious, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Take the money! Away! Begone! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her!

Dorn. Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true friend!

Sulky. Curse compliments! Make haste!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The WIDOW WARREN'S.

SOPHIA *and* JENNY *meeting.*

Jenny. So, miss! Here's your mamma just coming down.

Soph. [*Much agitated.*] Is she dressed?

Jenny. Oh, yes!—I have decorationed her.

Soph. It's very well—It's all very well—But it will be no wedding—

Jenny. [*Aside.*] I hope not.

Soph. He told her to her face, that he loved me, and offered to give her the money back—He'll never have her—And if he does, I don't care—I

know I shall die broken-hearted, but I don't care —I'll tell all to my dear grandma', for I'll not stay in this wicked city—No! He shan't see me pine away—I know my ghost will haunt him; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he been but true hearted, and have waited for me, I would—But it is no matter—He shan't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Jenny [*Looking, admiring, and walking round her.*] Well, ma'am—I declare you're a *pictur!*

Widow. Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny? [*Walking and surveying herself.*]—Shall I do execution? What is the matter, child?

Soph. Mark my words, he'll never have you!

Widow. Poor thing!

Soph. He never will!

[*Knocking heard at the Street Door.*

Widow. Run, Jenny, see who it is! [*Exit* JENNY.] Go up to your chamber, child.

Soph. No! I will stay here.

Widow. Begone to your chamber, I say, miss!

Soph. Beat me, if you please; kill me, but I will not!

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Here's an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

Widow. Will you begone, miss?

Soph. Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more.

[*Exit.*

Widow. How is he dressed?

Jenny. In grey, ma'am.

Widow. In grey! [*Considering.*

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. In dark grey? [*Hoping.*

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. [*Earnestly.*] Does he look like a parson?

Jenny. Why, ma'am, he is a soberly, smug, jobation-looking man enough.

Widow. Let him be shown in—I dare say it is the Divine!

Enter MR. DORNTON.

Dorn. Your humble servant, madam.

Widow. Sir, your very most humble servant. [*With great Respect.*

Dorn. I presume you are unacquainted with me.

Widow. [*Simpering.*] I believe I can penetrate, sir—

Dorn. Can you, madam?

Widow. [*With her Fan before her Face.*] You—you come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton?

Dorn. [*Surprised.*] I do!

Widow. [*Aside.*] It is the parson!—Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir?

Dorn. Excuse me, madam.

Widow. Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir?

Dorn. Madam!—None, I thank you.

Widow. A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange loaf, a glass of Constantia, or a jelly?—I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

Dorn. [*Surveying himself.*] Cloth!

Widow. No offence, I hope? I participate in them myself.

Dorn. Hem! No doubt!

Widow. You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton?

Dorn. Why—Yes—I am, I believe, one of his oldest acquaintance.

Widow Then I dare say you have a great regard for him?

Dorn. Hem!—Yes—I—had a—sort of a friendship for him even before he was born.

Widow. Sir!—Oh!—You are intimate with the family?

Dorn. Yes—yes, madam!

Widow. And know his father?

Dorn. Um—[*Shrugs*] Why—Though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very hour, they tell me I don't know him yet!

Widow. Ay, indeed! Is he so odd?

Dorn. Sometimes—To my great regret. I have sometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman!

Widow. I am sorry for it!—Because as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—I— [*Maidenly Affectation.*

Dorn. You would wish for a sensible, indulgent—Papa— [*Smiles.*

Widow. It's natural, sir. [*Simpering.*

Dorn. Ha! I dare not say too much in his favour.

Widow. Nay, though I have a vast—hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great predilection of opinion for the father!

[*Nodding very significantly.*

Dorn. [*Suddenly*] Nor he for you, madam!

Widow. Do you think so!

Dorn. I am sure so!

Widow. I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very precise acrimonious person!—A tetchy repugnant kind of old scarecrow!

Dorn. I said no such thing, madam!

Widow. Ah!—A little caution, sir, to be sure, becomes gentlemen of your cloth.

Dorn. Cloth again!—I don't know what you mean by my cloth; but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself: nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

Widow. Sir!

Dorn. [*Recollecting himself.*] Madam!—I—I beg your pardon!—I— [*Bowing.*

Widow. [*Knocking heard.*] Oh! Here, I dare say, comes the bridegroom!

[*Enraptured: crosses to the Door.*

Dorn. [*Aside.*] My curs'd vivacity! I can never tell her after this who I am.

[*Walks up the Stage.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, *in Haste.*

Widow. O, you rover!

Harry. Well, my kind Widow! [MR. DORNTON *turns quick round at hearing his Son's Voice, and gradually approaches.*] My loving compassionate Widow! I am come post haste to cast myself once on your bounty!

Widow. Hush!

Harry. To intreat instant commiseration, and aid!

Widow. Hem! Hem! [*Aloud.*

Harry. I have not a minute to spare!

Widow. [*Whisper.*] He's here! He's come! A waspish, tetchy—! Hem!—[*Aloud.*] Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. My friend! What friend?

Widow. Your friend the clergyman.

[*Pointing to* MR. DORNTON.

Harry. Clergyman!—You—[*Turning, sees his Father at his Elbow.*]—My father!

Widow. His father! [*Pause.*

Dorn. Well, Harry, why do you look so blank; I am glad you are here—Your coming, and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution—At present we understand each other.

Widow. Sir—I—

Dorn. O, madam, never retract—Let us continue the like plain honest dealing——

Widow But—Sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

Dorn. Ha, ha, ha!—Affection, madam!—
[*Pitying her Delusion.*

Harry. Sir—

Dorn. Harry!—I know your motives! Will never forget them! But the cause of them has ceased.

Harry. Sir?—Beware! No false compassion! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son! I spurn at existence that is coupled with your misery!

Dorn. Harry! Our danger is over.

Harry. Are you—Are you serious?

Dorn. Mr. Sulky is a worthy man! His rich uncle is dead, and has left him sole heir. Our books too have been examined, and exceed our best hopes. Here is your money, madam.

Harry. My father saved?—Tol de rol!—

Widow. Nay but—Mr. Dornton!—Sir—
[*Ready to cry.*

Dorn. I must beg you will take it—

Harry. Rejoice, Widow! Rejoice! Sing, shout! Tol de rol!

Widow. I do not want the money, sir! Filthy money—[*Whimpering restrained.*] And as to what I said, though you have arrested Mr. Milford—

Harry. Ha!

[*Starts, considers, and looks at his Watch.*

Widow. I am sorry—I beg your pardon—And if Mr. Dornton——

Dorn. Why don't you speak, Harry? Where are you going?

[HARRY DORNTON *crosses hastily to the Door.*

Come back, Harry!—Stay, I say!

Harry. I cannot stay!—I must fly!—My honour is at stake? [*Exit.*

Dorn. [*Alarmed.*] His honour!—His honour at stake!—Here, here, madam!—

[*Offering her Bank-bills.*

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dorn. 'Sdeath, madam, take your money.

[*Exit.*

Widow. [*Sobbing.*] Cruel—usage!—Faithless—men—Blind—Stupid. I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex!

Enter JENNY *with glee, on Tip-toe, as if she had been on the Watch.*

Jenny. Ma'am! Ma'am! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am!

Widow. Hay! Mr. Goldfinch?—Was that what you said, Jenny? [*Brightens up.*] Where?

Jenny. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! He is coming? Well! I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will.

Jenny. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch for me.

Widow. Did you?

Jenny. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more—I hear him. [*Adjusting the* WIDOW's *Dress.*]

Law, ma'am, you had better give a few touches—Hereabout! Your eyes will have double the spirit and fire.

Widow. Will they?

Jenny. Yes, ma'am—I am sure ma'am, I am sorry you have been so ill treated.

Widow. I have been cruelly used, Jenny.

[*Exit crying.*

Enter GOLDFINCH.

Gold. Where's the Dowager?

Jenny. Hush! Mind what I said to you—It is too late now for a licence, so be sure get the promise—Don't flinch!

Gold. Me flinch? Game to the back-bone!

Jenny. Hush!

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN.

Gold. Here I am once more, Widow.

Widow. Ah, rambler!

Gold. Are you cured of the tantarums?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch?—

Gold. Must I keep my distance?

Widow. Unkind!

Gold. Am I a gentleman now?

Widow. Killing!

Gold. Look you, Widow, I know your tricks—Skittish! Won't answer the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest!—So give me your promise.

Widow. My promise!—

Gold. Signed and sealed,

Widow. Naughty man—You shan't—I won't let you tyrannize over a palpitating heart!

Gold. Palpi——[*To* JENNY.] What does she say?

Widow. Go, intruder!

Gold. Oh! What, you won't?

Widow. I'll never forgive you.

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. Cruel man!

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch! [*Calling.*

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. You shall have the promise!

Gold. Oh, ho! Why then, I'll pull up—

Widow. Barbarous youth! Could you leave me?—But I must send to Mr. Silky.

Gold. No, no! Let me have the promise directly! I'll go myself to Silky.

Widow. Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. Will I not?—Take a hack, mount the box—Hayait!—Scud away for the old scoundrel! I'm a deep one! Know the course every inch! I'm the lad for a widow! That's your sort!—But I must have the promise first!

Widow. I will go and write it—Come, dissembler, come! [*Exit languishing.*

Gold. She's an old courser! But I knew I should take her at the double!

Enter MILFORD.

Milf. So, Charles, where's the Widow?

Gold. The Widow's mine!

Milf. Yours?

Gold. I'm the lad! All's concluded—Going post for old Silky.

[*Offers to go, at every Speech, but is eagerly stopped by* MILFORD.

Milf. Silky, did you say?

Gold. Am to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand pounds down! But, mum! That's a secret!

Milf. You are raving!

Gold. Tellee he has her on the hip! She can't marry without his consent!

Silky. All so safe, so snug—I am so pleased, and so happy! It's all our own—Not a soul will know of it but our three selves ——

Gold. O, yes—one more, old one——

Silky. [*Alarmed.*] Ay—Who? Who?

Gold. Your father—Beelzebub.

Silky. Lord, Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me!

Widow. To be sure, it must be owned, you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky; but there is no doing without you—So make haste with your deeds and your extortions; for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company——

Silky. Well, well, I'm ready—I'll not long interrupt your amorous haste. I am a man of business—I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all safe.

Widow. But where is the will?

Silky. Oh, I have it. First, however, let us be secure.

[*Locks both the Chamber Doors:—is going to read, but looks round, sees the Closet Doors, and, with great Anxiety and Cunning, locks them too.*

Gold. You're an old trader in sin—There's no being too deep for you.

Silky. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. But I should like to see you on your death-bed. [*A Blow from one of the Closets.*

Silky. Bless my soul—What's that?

Gold. Zounds!—Odd enough—I believe he's coming for you before your time!

Widow. It was very strange!

Silky. I declare, I am all of a tremble!

Widow. Come, come, let us get the shocking business over—Where is the will?

Gold. Don't shake so, man!

Silky. Well, well—First sign the bond—[WIDOW *and* GOLDFINCH *going to sign, another Knock heard.*] Lord have mercy upon me!—

Gold. I smell sulphur!

Widow. Save me, Mr. Goldfinch!

Silky. The candles burn blue! [*Pause.*

Gold. Pshaw!—Zounds, it's only some cat in the closet!

Silky. I heard it in both closets!

Gold. Why, then there are two cats——Come, I'll sign—

[WIDOW *and* GOLDFINCH *sign the Bond.*

Silky. Where's the promise?

Gold. Here it is— [*Laying it on the Table.*

Silky. And here is the will—which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames—

[*Is going to burn it at the Candle. Several loud Knocks are heard from the Doors.* SILKY *starts, drops one Candle, and overturns the other—The Stage Dark.*

Silky. Lord have mercy upon us!

Gold. My hair stands on end!

[*Violent Knocking at both Closets, and at the Doors.*

Widow. Save me, Mr. Goldfinch—Protect me!

[*Shrieks.*

[SULKY *and* MILFORD *burst open the Closets, seize on the Bond and Promise:—they then open the Chamber Doors, at one of which*

Enter JENNY, *with Lights; and at the other,* SOPHIA, HARRY DORNTON, *and* MR. DORNTON.

Soph. Dear ma', what's the matter?

Sulky. Where's the will? [SILKY *recovers himself, and snatches it up.*] Give it me, you old scoundrel!—Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you! [*Wrests it from it.*

Milf. So, gentlemen—You are a pretty pair of knaves!

Sulky. And you are a very worthy lady,

Widow. Don't talk to me, man!——Don't talk to me!—I shall never recover my senses again!

Harry. What has happened, gentlemen? How came you thus all locked up together?

Dorn. Are you here, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Yes—There's the honest, grateful, friendly, Mr. Silky! Who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family!

Gold. Old one—You're done up!

Sulky. And here is the girlish old coquette, who would rob her daughter, and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

Gold. Widow—You're dished! [SULKY *examines the Will.*] Lost your last chance.

Dorn. A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation; whose ridings, racings and drivings, are over.—I knew your father, sir—'tis happy for him, that he is dead!—if you will forsake these courses, and apply to trade——

Gold. Damn trade!—Who's for the spring meeting—Cross 'em and wind 'em—Seven to five you don't name the winner—I'm for life and a curricle—A cut at the caster, and the long odds—Damn trade—The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick—I'm a deep one—That's your sort! [*Exit.*

Sulky. And now, madam——

Widow. Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

Sulky. No, madam, I smell of honesty:—A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed.—I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

Widow. Let me go, goblin!——You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you!—Your breast is flint!—Flint, unfeeling Gorgon! and I abominate you! [*Exit into an inner Chamber.*

Soph. Nah, you are a kind, good, cross old soul, and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma'.—We ought all to forget and forgive—Ought not we, Mr. Dornton!

Harry. [*With Rapture. and looking to his Father.*] Do you hear her, sir?

Dorn. Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart—I love you for having called me an ugly monster.

Soph. [*To* HARRY.] La, Mr. Dornton, how could you——

Sulky. Harry—Give me your hand——You have a generous and a noble nature! But your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation.—No misfortunes, no, not the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage!

Dorn. And now, [*To* MR. SULKY.] My friend—

Milf My father——

Harry. My——

Sulky. Whoo!—If you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done.—[*Turning to* SILKY.] I hate fawning.

Silky. Ah, Mr. Sulky, you will have your humour.

Sulky. The undiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

Silky. Ah, you will have your humour.

Sulky. Yes—and it is my humour to see, that your villainy shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed, that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainders, and had done the dirty work, of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

Dorn. The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man; and, if you can, be honest with a good grace. Every thing will then be readily adjusted, and, I hope, to the satisfaction of all parties.

[*Exeunt Omnes*.

THE END.

P. Pereira, Printer, Hindoostanee-Press.

SPEED THE PLOUGH;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY PHILIP PEREIRA, HINDOOSTANEE-PRESS,
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REMARKS.

This comedy excites that sensation, which is the best security for the success of a drama—curiosity. After the two first acts are over, and pleasantly over, with the excellent drawn characters of Ashfield and his wife, and the very just satire which arises from Sir Abel's propensity to modern improvements—the acts that follow excite deep interest and ardent expectation; both of which are so highly gratified at the conclusion of the play, that, from the first night of its performance, it has ranked among the best of the author's productions, and in the first class of modern comedies.

The various characters of this play are admirably designed, but not so happily finished as the author meant them to be—witness, Bob Handy, who begins a self-conceited coxcomb, and ends a tragedy confidant.

But the good intentions of an author are acceptable: execution will not always follow conception; and the last may often give as much instruction, though not equal delight with the former: as an instance, who does not see the folly of attempting to *do every thing* in Handy, though he is more the shadow, than the substance of a character.

Notwithstanding there are some parts, not so

good as others, in this comedy, there is no one character superior to the rest, nor any one in particular, which makes a forcible impression on the memory: —this proves, (in consequence of the acknowledged merit of the play) the fable to be a good one, and that a pleasing combination has been studied and effected by the author, with infinite skill, however incompetent to his own brilliant imagination.

The plot, and serious characters of this comedy, are said to be taken from a play of Kotzebue's, called "The Duke of Burgundy,"—if they are, Mr. Morton's ingenuity in adapting them to our stage has been equal to the merit he would have had in conceiving them; for that very play called, "The Duke of Burgundy," by some verbal translator,—was condemned or withdrawn at Covent-Garden Theatre, not very long before "Speed the Plough" was received with the highest marks of admiration.

The characters of Sir Philip Blandford, his brother, and his nephew, may have been imported from Germany, but surely, all the other personages of the drama are of pure English growth.

The reception of this play, when first performed, and the high station it still holds in the public opinion, should make criticism cautious of attack —but as works of genuine art alone are held worthy of investigation, and as all examinations tend to produce a degree of censure, as well as of praise, "Speed the Plough" is not exempt from the general lot of every favourite production.

An auditor will be much better pleased with this play, than a reader; for though it is well written, and interspersed with many poetical passages, an attentive peruser will find inconsistencies in the arrangement of the plot and incidents, which an audience, absorbed in expectation of final events, and hurried away by the charm of scenic interest, cannot easily detect.

The most prominent of these blemishes are:—Miss Blandford falls in love with a plough-boy at first-sight, which she certainly would not have done, but that some preternatural agent whispered to her, he was a young man of birth. But whether this magical information came from the palpitation of her heart, or the quickness of her eye, she has not said.—A reader will, however, gladly impute the cause of her sudden passion to magic, rather than to the want of female refinement.

The daughter has not less decorum in love, than the father in murder.—That a character, grave and stern, as Sir Philip Blandford is described, should entrust any man, especially such a man as Bob Handy, with a secret, on which, not only his reputation, but his life depended, can upon no principle of reason be accounted for; unless the author took into consideration, what has sometimes been observed,—that a murderer, in contrivances to conceal his guilt, foolishly fixes on the very means, which bring him to conviction.

SPEED THE PLOUGH;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir Philip Blandford	*Mr. Pope.*
Morrington	*Mr. Murray.*
Sir Abel Handy	*Mr. Munden.*
Bob Handy	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Henry	*Mr. H. Johnston*
Farmer Ashfield	*Mr. Knight.*
Evergreen	*Mr. Davenport.*
Gerald	*Mr. Waddy.*
Postillion	*Mr. Abbot.*
Young Handy's Servant	*Mr. Klanert.*
Peter	*Mr. Atkins.*
Miss Blandford	*Mrs. H. Johnston*
Lady Handy	*Mrs. Dibdin.*
Susan Ashfield	*Miss Murray.*
Dame Ashfield	*Mrs. Davenport.*

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

In the Fore Ground a Farm House.—A View of a Castle at a distance.

FARMER ASHFIELD *discovered at a Table, with his Jug and Pipe.*

Enter DAME ASHFIELD, *in a Riding Dress, and a Basket under her Arm.*

Ash. Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think—

Canst thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyzel pratty?

Dame.—Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—Then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?

Ash. Why dant thee letten her aloane then—I do verily think when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee 'll ax be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, do'ye—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas: but I have brought a rare wadget of news with me. First and foremost I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said—"Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband."—So there he stood without his hat—Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let I read, woolye? [*Reads.*] "My dear farmer" [*Taking off his Hat.*] Thankye, zur—zame to you, wi' all my heart and soul—"My dear farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—Why, you are blind, Tummas; it is—"My dear father"——'Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds dickens and daizeys! zoo it be, zure enow!—"My dear feyther, you will be surprized"—Zoo I be, he, he! What pretty writing, bean't it? all as straight as thof it were ploughed——

"Surprized to hear, that in a few hours I shall embrace you—Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy Bart."

Dame. Handy Bart.—Pugh! Bart. stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely,—Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read— "And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"——

Dame. "And mother"——

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dan't she?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Yes, but feyther first, though——"As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield."—Now bean't that a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl?

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty-drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummas, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor sheame o' thyzel, —behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm—Eh, here comes friend Evergreen, the gardener, from the castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Everg. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Any thing about Mrs Grundy?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now?

Everg. No, no—The news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty years, returns this day to the castle; and that the reason of his coming is, to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As sure as two-pence, that is Nelly's husband.

Everg. Indeed!—Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, Farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Everg. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the castle, will you?—Ah, it is twenty long years since I have seen sir Philip—Poor gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told.—What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—[*Checking himself.*] But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him—[*A Gun is discharg'd at a distance.*] That's his gun, I suppose—he is not far then—Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that indeed! What though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him—The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him—If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Everg. And he deserves to be loved—Why, he's as handsome as a peach tree in blossom; and his

mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, run to the castle, and receive sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool—Zo, good day. [*Bowing.*] Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty—that's what I say.—Missus, do'ye show un Sue's letter, woolve? Do ye letten see how pratty she do write feyther. [*Exit.*

Dame. Now Tummas is gone, I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy—But come, step in, you must needs be weary; and I am sure a mug of harvest beer sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you. [*Exeunt into the House.*

SCENE II.

Outside and Gate of the Castle—SERVANTS *cross the Stage, laden with different Packages.*

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ull be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber.

Sir Abel Handy. [*Without.*] Gently there! mind how you go, Robin. [*A crash.*

Ash. Who do come here? A do zeem a comical zoart ov a man—Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.—SERVANT *following.*

Sir Abel. Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole country, you dog! for you have broke the patent medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive!—Richard, gently!—take care of the grand Archimedian corkscrews!—Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion!

Enter PETER.

Well Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how sir that your infallible axletree would give way.

Sir Abel. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare my water proof shoes are completely soaked through. [*Exit* PETER.] Now to take a view with my new invented glass! [*Pulls out his Glass.*

Ash. [*Loud and bluntly.*] Zarvent, zur! Zarvent!

Sir Abel. [*Starting.*] What's that? Oh, good day.—Devil take the fellow? [*Aside.*

Ash. Thankye, zur; zame to you with all my heart and zoul.

Sir Abel. Pray, friend, could you contrive gently to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ashfield.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing loudly*] Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing mysel vor I be so domm'd zilly [*Bowing and laughing.*]—Ah! you stare at I beceas I be bashful and daunted.

Sir Abel. You are very bashful, to be sure. I declare I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.

Sir Abel. May I indeed? you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, zur.

Sir Abel. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground! Why you'll wring your ould withers—

Sir Abel. On the ground—no, I always carry my seat with me [*Spreads a small Camp Chair.*]—Here I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the castle.

Ash. Dickens and daizeys! what a gentleman you wou'd be to slhow at a vair!

Sir Abel. Silence, fellow, and attend—"An account of the castle and domain of sir Philip Blandford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his daughter, and the son of sir Abel Handy,—by Frank Flourish, surveyor.—Imprimis—The premises command an exquisite view of the Isle of Wight."—Charming! delightful! I don't see it though [*Rising.*]—I'll try with my new glass—my own invention—[*He looks through the Glass.*] Yes, there I caught it—Ah! now I see it plainly——Eh! no—I don't see it, do you?

Ash. Noa, zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit out from the top of the chimbley—zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up you may zee un too, he, he!

Sir Abel. Thank you—but damn your titter! [*Reads.*] *Fish Ponds well stocked*—That's a good thing, Farmer.

Ash. Likely,—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir Abel. No! why?

Ash. Why, the ponds be always dry i' the zummer; and I be tould that bean't wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir Abel. Not very, I believe—Well said surveyor! [*A cool Summer House.*

Ash. Ees, zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir Abel. Better and—better "the whole capable of the greatest improvement."—Come, that seems true however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort—I have such contrivances! I'll have a canal run through my kitchen.—I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence. [*Aside.*]

You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man, who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder boxes—to a philosopher, who has been consulted on the Wapping docks and the Gravesend tunnel; and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw dust into deal boards, and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam engine—and, Farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry—I'll have a ploughing match.

Ash. Will you, zur?

Sir Abel. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man, between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promize ye.

Sir Abel. And Farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities——

Ash. Nan!

Sir Abel. Blockhead! The ploughing match shall take place as soon as sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Abel, I beg to say, my master will be here immediately.

Sir Abel. And, sir, I beg to ask who possesses the happiness of being your master?

Serv. Your son, sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir Abel. Indeed! and where is Bob?

Serv. I left him, sir, in the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. Where?

Serv. In the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. In the belfrey of the church! What was he doing there?

Serv. Why, sir, the natives were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival—when my master finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the Castle—Give me leave, sir Abel, to take this out of your way. [*Takes the Camp Chair.*] Sir, I have the honour— [*Bows and Exit.*

Sir Abel. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the admirable Crichton, may be? Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel invenit, Bob fecit. He can do every thing—every thing!

Ash. All the better vor he. I zay, zur, as he can turn his hand to every thing, pray, in what way med he earn his livelihood?

Sir Abel. Earn his livelihood!

Ash. Ees, zur;—How do he gain his bread!

Sir Abel. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread, bless you! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thick name, but dom'un, he'll never work—never.

Sir Abel. Egad; here comes my boy Bob!—Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter POSTBOY, *with a round Hat and Cane.*

Why, who the devil are you?

Postb. I am the postboy, your honour, but the gem'man said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and made me get inside—Here he is.

Enter HANDY, JUN. *with a Postboy's Cap and Whip.*

Handy, jun. Ah, my old Dad, is that you?

Sir Abel. Certainly! the only doubt is, if that be you?

Handy, jun. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive—Nothing is so horrible as pretending to do what they are unequal to—Give me my hat—That's the way to use a whip.

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses' knees to pieces.

Handy, jun Hush, there's a guinea. [*Apart.*

Sir Abel. [*To* ASHFIELD.] You see, Bob can do every thing. But, sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Handy, jun. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honeymoon.

Sir Abel. Four days! oh, you might have come. [*Sighing.*

Handy, jun. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies,—a full blown blossom of nature.

Sir Abel. Yes!

Handy, jun. How does it answer?

Sir Abel. So, so!

Handy, jun. Any thorns?

Sir Abel. A few.

Handy, jun. I must be introduced—where is she?

Sir Abel. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. Who is that?

Sir Abel. Oh, a pretty behaved tittering friend of mine.

Ash. Zarvent, zur—No offence I do hope—Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly—when she were zarvent maid wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Handy, jun. Oh! so then my honoured mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir Abel. My dear boy, come here—Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop!—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Handy, jun. Indeed, sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir Abel. Soon! you know what a trade wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life——

Handy, jun. Ha! ha!

Sir Abel. But I won't be laugh'd at—I'll knock any man down that laughs! Bob, if you can say any thing pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Handy, jun. I'll shew you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native. [*Apart.*

Sir Abel. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Handy, jun. I say, Farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. Ees, zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we bean't.

Handy, jun. Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, zur; we Hampshire lads conceat we can bowl a bit or thereabouts.

Handy, jun. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir Abel. At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, zur, we sometimes break oon another's heads, by way of being agreeable, and the like o'that.

Handy, jun. Understand all the guards?

[*Putting himself in an attitude of Cudgelling.*

Ash. Can't zay I do, zur.

Handy. jun. What! hit in this way, eh?

[*Makes a hit at* ASHFIELD, *which he Parries and hits young* HANDY *violently.*

Ash. Noa, zur, we do hit thic way.

Handy. jun. Zounds and fury!

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Handy, jun. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow——

Sir Abel. He did indeed, Bob.

Handy, jun. Damn him—The fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. You need not be, zur; I'll gi' ye a belly full any day, wi' all my heart and soul.

Handy, jun. No, no, thank you —Farmer, what's your name?

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield—any thing to say against my name? [*Threatening.*

Handy. jun. No, no—Ashfield! shou'd he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees, I have—any thing to zay against she?

Handy, jun. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye, faith and troth—Come, that be deadly kind o'ye however—Do you zee, I were frightful she were not agreeable.

Handy, jun. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pratty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, zur, breaking your head

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will break noa squares—She be a coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur—your spouse, zur.

Handy, jun. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, zur?

Handy, jun. You may depend on it.

Sir Abel. I dare say you may. Come, Farmer, attend us.

Ash. Yes, zur; wi' all respect—Gentlemen, pray walk thic way, and I'll walk before you.

[*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Now, that's what he calls behaving pretty. Damn his pretty behaviour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Grove.

[MORRINGTON *comes down the Stage, wrapped in a Great Coat—He looks about—then at his Watch, and Whistles—which is answered.*]

Enter GERALD.

Mor. Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the castle look?

Ger. Sadly decayed, sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, we were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise, sir; on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with his gun; but I darted into that thicket, and so avoided him.

[HENRY *appears in the back Ground, in a Shooting Dress, attentively observing them.*

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Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None; the report that reached us was false—The infant certainly died with its mother—Hush! conceal yourself—we are observed—this way. [*They retreat*, HENRY *advances*.

Henry. Hold! as a friend, one word!

[*They exeunt, he follows them, and returns.*

Again they have escaped me——"The infant died "with its mother"—This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Henry, well met.

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Everg. No!

Henry. Two but now have left this place—They spoke of a lost child—My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search—I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Everg. No, no; it could not be you; for no one on earth knows but myself and——

Henry. Who? Sir Philip Blandford?

Everg. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy, I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at the price of thy perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant—let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty—yet, in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I? why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt—Ah! is it so?

[*Seizing him violently.*

Everg. Henry, do I deserve this?

Henry. Pardon me, good old man! I'll act more reasonable—I'll deem thy silence mercy.

Everg. That's wisely said.

Henry. Yet it is hard to think, that the most detested reptile that nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter in; but I——

Everg. Come, come, no more of this.

Henry. Well!——I visited to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of his team.

Everg. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture, yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye—for his medicine was administered by a father's hand—it was a mother's precious tear that dropped upon his wound—Oh, how I envied him!

Everg. Still on the same subject—I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the noble founder of a new one.—Come with me to the castle for the last time.

Henry. The last time!

Everg. Aye, boy; for when Sir Philip arrives, you must avoid him.

Henry. Not see him! where exists the power that shall prevent me?

Everg. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the castle.

Henry. [*Aside.*] I must dissemble with this honest creature—Well I am content.

Everg. That's right—that's right,—Henry—Be but thou resigned and virtuous, and He who clothes the lily of the field, will be a parent to thee.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Lodge belonging to the Castle.

DAME ASHFIELD *discovered making Lace.*

Enter HANDY, JUN.

Handy, jun. A singular situation this my old dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while, I have been professing, and I've a notion, feeling, the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield—Propriety says, take Miss Blandford—Love says, take Susan—Fashion says, take both—but would Susan consent to such an arrangement?—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her?—Oh, time enough to put that question, when the previous one is disposed of—[*Seeing* DAME.] How do you do?—Making lace, I perceive—Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh, no, sir? nobody can make it in these parts but myself!—Mrs. Grundy, indeed, pretends—but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Handy. jun. Than I do! that's vastly well;—My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Handy, jun. You don't do it right—now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll shew you the true Mechlin method. [*Turns the Cushion round, kneels down, and begins working.*] First you see, so—then, so—

Enter Sir Abel *and* Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. I vow, Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your charms!—[*Aside.*] If my wife looked so—Ah! but where can Bob be? —You must know, miss, my son is a very clever fellow! you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity!—no; you will find him—

[*Sees him.*

Miss B. Is that your son, sir?

Sir Abel. [*Abashed.*] Yes, that's Bob!

Miss B. Pray, sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir Abel. Curse me if I can tell. [*Hits him with his Stick.*] Get up, you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Handy, jun. [*Starting up.*] Zounds! how unlucky! Ma'am, your most obedient servant. [*Endeavours to hide the Work.*] Curse the cushion!

[*Throws it off.*

Dame. Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

Handy, jun. Hush! I'll make you a thousand yards another time—You see, ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need not be explained again—Admirably handsome, by Heaven! [*Aside.*

Sir Abel. Is not she, Bob?

Handy, jun. [*To* Miss B.] In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way? Hush! [*To* Dame.

Miss B. Oh no, sir, I could not so soon venture into the beau monde; a stranger just arrived from Germany—

Handy, jun. The very reason—the most fashionable introduction possible! but I perceive,

you have here imitated other German importations and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, sir, I am eager to seize my birthright, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman!

Handy, jun. Then I trust, madam, you will be patriot enough to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that therefore the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way; and following the fashion is differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But, surely sir, there is some distinguishing feature, by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Handy, jun. Yes; but that varies extremely—sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist—sometimes on a low carriage—sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding—last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Handy, jun. Green peas.—That lady was the most enchanting, who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to her table at Christmas! the struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a half, but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently—that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort then incompatible with fashion?

Handy, jun. Certainly!—Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coquelicot ribbons! No—it is not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield market,—only a good one when plentifully stocked—and ladies are reckoned by the score, like sheep, and their husbands by droves, like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha, and the conversation—

Handy, jun. Oh! like the assembly—confused, vapid, and abundant; as "How do, ma'am!—no "accident at the door?—he, he!"—"Only my "carriage broke to pieces!"—"I hope you had "not your pocket picked!"—"Won't you sit "down to faro?"—"Have you many to-night?" —"A few, about six hundred!"—"Were you at "Lady Overall's?"—"Oh yes; a delicious crowd, "and plenty of peas, he, he!"—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir Abel. Yes; and a precious run it is—full gallop all the way: first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—then they are run hard—then they've a run of luck—then they run out, and then they run away!—But I'll forgive fashion all its follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Handy, jun. What may that be?

Sir Abel. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Handy. jun. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Handy. jun. But I hope we shall be able to laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worth your possession, I know no way of obtaining it so certain as by your shewing every attention to my dear father.

[*As they are going.*

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. Who? Susan! our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees—zo—come along — Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly, your spouse, do order you to go to her directly!

Handy. jun. Order! you mistake—

Sir Abel. No, he don't—she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt* MISS BLANDFORD *and* HANDY, *jun.*

Sir Abel. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth.

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do want to know, zoa come along—Woo ye though—Missus, let's behave pratty —Zur, if you pleaze, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir Abel. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty behaved fellow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Farmer ASHFIELD'S *Kitchen.*

Enter LADY HANDY *and* SUSAN.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome!—What gratitude I feel to your ladyship for this indulgence!

Lady H. That's right, child!

Susan And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place, where you received every protection and kindness my parents could shew you, for, I remember, while you lived with my father—

Lady H. Child! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account—you may transfer the remembrance of who I was to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy!

Lady H. That's right, child!—I am not angry.

Susan. [*Looking out.*] Ah! I see my dear father and mother coming throu.h the garden.

Lady H. Oh! now I shall be caressed to death; but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter FARMER *and* DAME, *with* SIR ABEL.

Ash. My dear Susan! [*They run to* SUSAN.]

Dame. My sweet child! give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee! Feyther first though—Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never war—and how be'st thee? and how do thee like Lunnun town? it be a deadly lively place I be tuold.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl?

Sir Abel. That she is.

Lady H. [*With affected dignity.*] Does it occur to any one present, that Lady Handy is in the room?

Sir Abel. Oh, Lud! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget, that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it! I overlooked Lady Nelly, sure enow; but consider, there be zome difference between thee and our own Susan! I be deadly glad to zee thee, however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy.

Ash. Don't ye take it unkind I han't a buss'd thee yet—meant no slight indeed. [*Kisses her.*

Lady H. Oh! shocking! [*Aside.*

Ash. No harm I do hope, zur.

Sir Abel. None at all.

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over we rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to knaw thee?—that be the way I do knaw my sheep.

Sir Abel. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a ladyship zure enow.

Dame. That you do, my lady! you remember the old house?

Ash Aye; and all about it, doant ye? Nelly! my lady!

Lady. H. Oh! I'm quite shock'd—Susan, child! prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the castle. [*Exit* SUSAN.

Enter HANDY, JUN.

Handy, jun. I don't see Susan——I say, Dad, is that my mamma?

Sir Abel Yes—speak to her.

Handy, jun. [*Chucking her under the Chin.*] A fine girl, upon my soul!

Lady. H. Fine girl, indeed! Is this behaviour!

Handy, jun. Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent. [*She Curtsies.*]—that's a damned bad curtsey, I can teach you to make much better curtsey than that!

Lady. H. You teach me, that am old enough to —hem!

Handy, jun. Oh! that toss of the head was very bad indeed—Look at me!—That's the thing!

Lady. H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel: you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, my lady, you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But, when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir Abel. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Handy, jun. And you shall have it, my dear girl!—Madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow, I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel! my fan.

Sir Abel. Yes, my dear—Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords and such like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan. [*Removes the Head of his Cane, and draws out a Fan.*] A pretty thought, isn't it? [*Presents it to his Lady.*

Ash. Some difference between thic stick and mine, beant there, zur? [*To* HANDY, JUN.]

Handy, jun. [*Moving away.*] Yes, there is.—[*To* LADY H.] Do you call that fanning yourself? [*Taking the Fan.*] My dear ma'am, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. Sir, you shall find [*To* HANDY, JUN.]

I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour, severely repent it—Susan!

[*Exit followed by* DAME.

Handy. jun. Bravo! passion becomes her; she does that vastly well.

Sir Abel. Yes, practice makes perfect.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did your ladyship call?—Heavens! Mr. Handy!

Handy, jun. Hush! my angel! be composed, that letter will explain. [*Giving a Letter, noticed by* ASHFIELD.] Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Susan. Oh, Robert!

Handy, jun. At present, my love, no more.

[*Exit* SUSAN, *followed by* ASHFIELD.

Sir Abel. What were you saying, sir, to that young woman?

Handy, jun. Nothing particular, sir. Where is Lady Handy going?

Sir Abel. To dress.

Handy, jun. I suppose she has found out the use of money.

Sir Abel. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade.—Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal pit won't find her in white muslins—round her neck hangs an hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs, and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter COUNTRYMAN.

Coun. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together

and the ploughs be ready—and——

Sir Abel. We are coming. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Handy, jun. Ploughs!

Sir Abel. Yes, Bob, we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Handy, jun. Indeed!

Sir Abel. If I could but find a man able to manage my new-invented curricle plough, none of them would have a chance.

Handy, jun. My dear sir, if there be any thing on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir Abel. What!

Handy, jun. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir Abel. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is! I say, Bob, if you would—

Handy, jun. No! I can't condescend.

Sir Abel. Condescend! why not?—much more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot for a thousand, or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable atchievement.

Handy, jun. So it is—Egad! I will—I'll carry off the prize of industry.

Sir Abel. But should you lose, Bob.

Handy, jun. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir Abel. True, with my curricle plough you could hardly fail.

Handy, jun. With my superior skill, Dad—Then, I say, how the newspapers will teem with the account.

Sir Abel. Yes.

Handy, jun. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough——

Sir Abel. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist, Handy, senior.

Handy, jun. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire—Let our Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.—

Sir Abel. And let old city grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior—Ecod! I am so happy!

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Ah! there comes a damper.

Handy, jun. Courage! you have many resources of happiness.

Sir Abel. Have I? I should be very glad to know them.

Handy, jun. In the first place you possess an excellent temper.

Sir Abel. So much the worse, for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer her's.

Handy, jun. You enjoy good health—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I were ill, she wouldn't come near me.

Handy, jun. Then you are rich—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for had I been poor, she would not have married me. But I say Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel! I say—

Handy, jun. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir Abel. If I could, what a sale it would have! —No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Handy, jun. Aye—What's that?

Sir Abel. [*In a whisper.*] A coffin! hush!—I'm coming, my dear.

Handy, jun. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Parlour in ASHFIED'S *House.*

Enter ASHFIELD *and* WIFE.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I; if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what would my poor wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY.

Dame. Ah, Henry! we have not seen thee at home all day.

Ash. And I do zomehow fanzie things dan't go zo clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well, won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the Castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties Heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me.—[*Aside.*] Should I succeed, it will bring me to the presence of that man, who (I know not why) seems the dictator of my fate.——[*To them.*] Will you furnish me with the means?

Ash. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell. [*Exit.*

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Ash. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't ye take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot if having vive load an acre on my wheat land could please me more.

Dame. Tummas, here comes Susan reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look! dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—If——

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye? [*They retire.*

Enter SUSAN *reading the Letter.*

Susan. Is it possible! Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus!—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable—I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."——Oh man! ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it, in fixing in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair!——"Still think with tenderness"—Base, dishonourable insinuation—He might have allowed me to esteem him.

[*Locks up the Letter in a Box on the Table, and exit weeping.*

ASHFIELD *and* DAME *come forward.*

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter—She locked up the letter in thic box, and then burst into tears. [*Looks at the Box.*

Dame. Yes, Tummas; she locked it in that box sure enough.

[*Shakes a bunch of Keys that hangs at her side.*

Ash. What be doing, Dame? what be doing?

Dame. [*With affected indifference.*] Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

[*They look at the Box and Keys significantly.*

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes.

[*They look as before.*

Ash. Indeed!—Well—Eh!—Dame, why dan't ye speak? thou canst chatter fast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find———

Ash. Well, Eh!—you can just try you knaw [*Greatly agitated.*] You can try, just vor the vun on't: but mind, dan't ye make a noise. [*She opens it.*] Why, thee, hasn't opened it?

Dame. Nay, Tummas! you told me!

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I dan't want it, I'm sure. [*Taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it.*]—She's coming! she's coming! [*He conceals the Letter, they tremble violently.*] No she's gone into t'other room. [*They hang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other.*] What mun that feyther and mother be doing, that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming. [*Weeps.*] Dang it, has she desarv'd it of us—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a dom'd spy, and open her box, poor thing!

Dame. Nay, Tummas——

Ash. You did—I zaw you do it myzel!—you

look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush!—no—Dame—here be the letter—I won't reead a word on't; put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart.

[*She returns the Letter to the Box.*

Ash. [*Embraces her.*] Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her, and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot—Dame, be the colour of sheame off my face yet?—I never zeed thee look ugly before——Susan, my dear Sue, come here abit, woollye?

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to give thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like conzultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb; but we all want our memories jogg'd abit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday—Zo thic be the topic—Dame and I, Sue, [illegible] zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee—bursted into tears, and lock'd un up in thic box—and then Dame and I—we that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo?

[*To his* WIFE.

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say otherwise?

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There, the very words I said!

Susan. If you wish to see the letter, I will shew it to you. [*She searches for the Key.*

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. Drabbit it, hold thy tongue, thou wold fool? [*Aside.*] No, Susan. I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child.

Susan. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true the gentleman declared he loved me; it is equally true that declaration was not unpleasing to me—Alas! it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me

Ash. D[illegible] it, if [illegible] knaw'd that when we were [illegible] a [illegible], I would ha' lapt my stick about [illegible] pr[illegible] tightish, I wou'd.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to [illegible].

Ash. What! mayn't I lather un a bit?

Susan. Oh, no! I've the strongest reasons to the contrary!

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pretty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and see the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch of keys——But bless thee, my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat do you zee; for while the corn be there, it be glorious to the eye, and it be called the staff of life; but take that treasure away, and what do remain? why nought

but thic worthless straw that man and beast do tread upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An extensive View of a cultivated Country—A Ploughed Field in the centre, in which are seen six different Ploughs and Horses—At one side a handsome Tent—A number of Country People assembled.

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. Make way, make way for the gentry! and do ye hear, behave pratty as I do—Dang thee, stond back, or I'll knock thee down, I wool.

Enter SIR ABEL *and* MISS BLANDFORD, *with* SERVANTS.

Sir Abel. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where is your son?

Sir Abel. What! Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently—[*Nodding significantly.*]— Here are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently.—Well Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Ees, zur; the acres be plough'd and the ground judg'd; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward—Heartily welcome, miss, to your native land; hope you be as pleased to zee we as we be to zee you, and the like o'that. —Morta' beautizome to be sure—I declare, miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye. [*A shout without.*] They be coming—Now, Henry!

Sir Abel. Now you'll see Bob!—now my dear boy, Bob!—here he comes. [*Huzza.*

Enter HENRY *and two Young* HUSBANDMEN.

Ash. 'Tis he, he has don't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir Abel. Why, zounds, where's Bob?—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough? [*Retires and takes out his Glass.*

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity.

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha got'n the goulden prize.

Miss B. This! I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Yes, quite pratty behaved—it were I that teach'd un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry.

Miss B. And your family?

[HENRY, *in an agony of grief, turns away, strikes his Forehead and leans on the Shoulder of* ASHFIELD.

Dame. [*Apart to* MISS B.] Madam, I beg pardon, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly—He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shock'd at my imprudence—[*To* HENRY.] Pray pardon me; I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire—

[*Giving her Hand, then withdraws it.*]—To esteem—you shall go to the Castle—my father shall protect you.

Henry. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition.

Miss B. Receive your merited reward.

[*He kneels—she places the Medal round his Neck—the same to the others.*

Sir Abel. [*Advances.*] I can't see Bob: pray, sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Henry. Sir?

Sir Abel. Did not you see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man——

Henry. At the beginning of the contest I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly; but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more. [*Laughing without.*

Handy, jun. [*Without.*] How dare you laugh?

Sir Abel. That's Bob's voice! [*Laughing again.*

Enter HANDY, JUN. *in a Smock Frock, cocked Hat, and a piece of a Plough in his Hand.*

Handy, jun. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this!—Ugh! how infernally hot! [*Walks about.*

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Handy, jun. I don't know where I've been.

Sir Abel. And what have you got in your hand?

Handy, jun. What! All I could keep of your nonsensical ricketty plough.

[*Walks about,* SIR ABEL *following.*

Sir Abel. Come, none of that, sir.—Don't abuse my plough, to cover your ignorance, sir? where is

it, sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, sir?

Handy, jun. Where? ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can, ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called Wiltshire, zur.

Handy, jun. Then, dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain, ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricle plough at their heels.

Ash. Ha, ha! a good one, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. But never mind, father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet: —rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in. [*Fiddles.*] Hey day! What! are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, zur; I suppose you can sheake a leg a bit?

Handy, jun. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the pas russe to the war-dance of the Catabaws.

Ash. Likely—I do hope, miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an you won't gig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir Abel. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, sir? but on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man, who gained the prize—I think it would be most pleasant—most proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me.—So, sir, if you'll accept my hand. [HENRY *takes it.*

Sir Abel. Very pleasantly settled, upon my soul!—Bob, won't you dance?

Handy, jun. I dance!—no, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir Abel. Egad now, as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl, and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty!—Come, Dame, hang the rheumatics!—Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty and strike up. [*A Dance.*

[HANDY, JUN. *looks on a little, and then begins to move his Legs—then dashes into the midst of the Dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite to him; then being exhausted, he leaves the Dance, seizes the Fiddle, and plays till the Curtain drops.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *discovered on a Couch, Reading,* SERVANTS *attending.*

Sir Philip. Is not my daughter yet returned?

Serv. No, Sir Philip.

Sir Philip. Dispatch a servant to her. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir Philip. [*Rises and throws away the Book.*] Admit him instantly, and leave me.—

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter EVERGREEN, *who Bows, then looking at* SIR PHILIP, *clasps his Hands together, and weeps.*

Does this desolation affect thee old man?—Come near me—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee.

Everg. Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir Philip. No; [*Striking his Breast.*] 'tis the canker here that hath withered up my trunk;—but are we secure from observation?

Everg. Yes.

Sir Philip. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Everg. He does, and is as fine a youth—

Sir Philip. No comments.

Everg. We named him—

Sir Philip. Be dumb! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Everg. It has, and he cheerfully complied.

Sir Philip. Enough! never speak of him more. Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber? [EVERGREEN *hesitates.*]—O speak!

Everg. My dear master! I confess my want of duty. Alas! I had not courage to go there.

Sir Philip. Ah!

Everg. Nay, forgive me! wiser than I have felt such terrors.—The apartments have been carefully locked up; the keys not a moment from my possession:—here they are.

Sir Philip. Then the task remains with me. Dreadful thought! I can well pardon thy fears, old man.—O! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when—

Everg. Hush! your daughter.

Sir Philip. Leave me—we'll speak anon.

[*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter MISS BLANDFORD.

Miss B. Dear father! I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir Philip. My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear my wish for thy company deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh no! what pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me?

Sir Philip. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkling there.—But, tell me, did your lover gain the prize?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh! you mean Mr. Handy?

Sir Philip. Yes.

Miss B. No; he did not.

Sir Philip. Then, whom did you mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I mistook.—No—a young man called Henry obtained the prize.

Sir Philip. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh! It was so ridiculous!—I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir Philip. To Mr. Handy?

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over Henry presented himself. I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is.—Then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and was told, that poor Henry—

Sir Philip Henry!—So, my love, this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy!

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa—he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously, that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir Philip. Henry again!

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir Philip. Of course you danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir Philip. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—no, papa!—Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir Philip. Still Henry! Oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for, when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him: and instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir Philip. And these are the reasons, which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you don't love him?

Miss B. Oh, yes—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now, you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you had you done so.

Sir Philip. But one question more—Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir Philip. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes, I knew I should convince you.

Sir Philip. Oh, love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day nature seems enchanting; the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured!—How did it close!

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir Philip. Indeed! that was much. Well I will see your rustic here. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy youthful fancy.—Thy arm, my child. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Castle.

Enter HENRY *and* ASHFIELD.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm, and zee us zometimes, wo'tn't, Henry?

Henry. [*Shaking his Hand.*] Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford, who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. I don't know, by reason, d'ye zee, I never zeed'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee do look quite grand with thic golden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the zalt zea ocean! Good b'ye, Henry! [*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches! why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

Enter SIR PHILIP *and* MISS BLANDFORD, *attended.*

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir Philip. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to show his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection.

[*Goes up the Stage, and leads down* HENRY. SIR PHILIP, *on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*

Sir Philip. Ah! do my eyes deceive me! No, it must be him! Such was the face his father wore.

Henry. Spake you of my father?

Sir Philip. His presence brings back recollections, which drive me to madness!—How came he here?—Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. [*Falling on his Neck.*] Your daughter.

Henry. Oh, sir! tell me—on my knees I ask it! do my parents live! Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. [SIR PHILIP *views him with severe contempt.*] Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir Philip. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this. [*Touching the Medal.* and think on the blissful moment, when your hand placed it there.

Sir Philip. Ah! tear it from his breast.

[SERVANT *advances.*

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir Philip. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure.—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee.

Henry. I defy its power!—You are in England, sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

Sir Philip. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man, that never wronged you—I could love the man, that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir Philip. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh, pity me! [*Exit.*

[MISS BLANDFORD *looks after him*—SIR PHILIP *exhausted, leans on his* SERVANTS.

Sir Philip. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. [*Running to him.*] O you have, my father! one that loves you better than her life!

Sir Philip. [*To* SERVANT.] Leave us.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove wooes for its mate the ravenous kite; when nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord, then, and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O Heaven!

Sir Philip. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir Philip. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates—Alas, the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir Philip. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by every wound, that the falsehood of others, or my own conscience, could inflict. Hateful to myself, I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains.—My ample fortune was lost; I detected one in the act of fraud, and having brought him to my feet, he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin; that he was but an humble instrument; for that the man, who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mort-

gages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington?

Sir Philip. No; he, like his deeds, avoided the light—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune. I wandered, wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother, humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing these words: "The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain;" and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name?

Sir Philip. None; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell thee what my heart suffered, when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage; and in consideration of what he termed the honour of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet still another wonder remains.—When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property? Or, does he withhold the blow, to make it fall more heavily?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange! very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir Philip. [*Greatly agitated.*] Ha!

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir Philip. Oh, never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it—Be composed—Let me wipe away those drops of anguish from your brow. —How cold your cheek is! My father, the evening damps will harm you—Come in—I will be all you wish—indeed I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Was ever any thing so unlucky! Henry to come to the Castle and meet Sir Philip! He should have consulted me! I shall be blamed—but, thank Heaven, I am innocent.

[SIR ABEL *and* LADY HANDY *without.*]

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir Abel. You shall, my dear [*They enter.*

Lady H. But how! but how, Sir Abel? I repeat it—

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] For the fiftieth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir Abel. I have not, indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir Abel. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to carry a packsaddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!—

Sir Abel. Is very weak, indeed.

Everg. Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, madam, on your marriage with this worthy gentleman—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] Not before 'tis wanted.

Everg. Aye, my lady, this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir Abel. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh! what do you mean?

Everg. I mean, sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir Abel. Former husband!—Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you, Sir Abel? I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir Abel. Died, did he?

Everg. Yes, sir, he was a servant in the Castle.

Sir Abel. Indeed! So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir Abel. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir Abel. Poor fellow! neglected perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir Abel. Why, you would not have me pleased at the death of your husband, would you?—a good kind of man?

Everg. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir Abel. Did he! [*Apart to* EVERGREEN.] Pray do you happen to recollect his manner!—Could you just give a hint of the way he had?

Lady B. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—'Tis too much!

Everg. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill—Salts! salts!

Sir Abel. [*Producing an Essence Box.*] Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Everg. Any—any.

Sir Abel. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Everg. Pick the lock.

Sir Abel. It can't be picked, it is a patent lock.

Everg. Then break it open, sir.

Sir Abel. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady B. I may die, while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady B. Ask that gentleman.

Sir Abel. Sir, I am accused—

Lady B. Convicted! convicted!

Sir Abel. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice—But, sir—

Sir Philip. Pshaw! [*Apart.*] Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady B. Thank you, sir. Come, Sir Abel. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes, my lady—I say [*To* EVERGREEN.] cou'dn't you give me a hint of the way he had—

Lady B. [*Without.*] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Coming, my soul! [*Exit.*

Sir Philip. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Everg. I was not to blame, master.

Sir Philip. Has Farmer Ashfield left the Castle?

Everg. No, sir.

Sir Philip. Send him hither. [*Exit* EVERGREEN.] That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—no matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

—Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ash. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir Philip. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman, mayhap, be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir Philip. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir Philip. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't knaw how to zet about it—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [*Exit.*

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. [*Makes the motion of turning out.*]—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goas whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and says—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! [*Becomes affected.*] Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my houze directly." Very well! then my wife stares at—I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, und throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burden to you—Heaven protect you, as you have me—Farewell!

I go." Then I says, "If thee doez I'll be domn'd!" [*With great energy.*] Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.—

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir Philip. Can't! absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't—I'd zee myself hang'd first, and you too, zur—I wou'd indeed. [*Bowing.*

Sir Philip. You refuse then to obey.

Ash. I do, zur,—at your zarvice. [*Bowing.*

Sir Philip. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too—I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir Philip. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zumeit at inside will jump against it with pleasure. [*Bowing.*] I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur; and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed zur.

Sir Philip. Your repentance will come too late. [*Exit.*

Ash. Thank ye, zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in ASHFIELD'S *House.*

DAME ASHFIELD *discovered at Work with her Needle,* HENRY *sitting by her.*

Dame. Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Henry. [*Rising.*] My peace of mind is gone for ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate;—spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—oh! that heart doats on his lovely daughter.

Dame. [*Looking out.*] Here comes Tummas home at last. Heyday! what's the matter with the man! He doesn't seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter ASHFIELD, *musing, he stumbles against a Chair.*

Tummus, my dear Tummus, what's the matter?

Ash. [*Not attending.*] It be lucky vor he I be's zoo pratty behaved, or dom if I—[*Doubling his Fist.*

Dame. Who—what?

Ash. Nothing at all; where's Henry?

Henry. Here, Farmer.

Ash. Thee woultn't leave us, Henry wou't?

Henry. Leave you! What, leave you now, when by my exertion I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you? oh, no!

Ash. Nay, it were not vor that I axed, I pro-

mise thee; come, gi'us thy hand on't then. [*Shaking hands.*] Now, I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did send vor I about the money I do owe 'un; and said as how he'd make all straight between us——

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Ees, deadly kind. Make all straight on condition I did turn Henry out o'my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say, Tummas?

Ash. Why, I zivelly tould un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man.

Dame. That was right. I wou'd have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah! likely. Then a' zaid I shou'd ha a bit a laa vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No—I will remove this hated form—— [*Going.*

Ash. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and dom'me if thee sha't budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell for half the money I do owe'un—and han't I cattle and sheep? deadly lean to be zure—and han't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got——How many silk gowns have thee got, dame?

Dame. Three, Tummus—and sell them all—and I'll go church in a stuff one—and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down-hearted. I do know as well as can be, zome good luck will turn up. All the way I comed whoam I look'd to vind a purse in the path. But I didn't though.

[*A knocking at the Door.*

Dame. Ah! here they are coming to sell I suppose—

Ash. Lettun—lettun, zeize and zell; we ha gotten here [*Striking his Breast.*] what we won't zell, and they can't zell [*Knocking again.*] Come in—dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON *and* GERALD.

Henry. Ah! the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Ash. Noa!—Walk in, gemmen. Glad to zee ye wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

Gerald. [*To* MORRINGTON.] That is the boy.

[MORRINGTON *nods.*

Ash. Take a chair, zur.

Mor. I thank, and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself, good woman.—I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day none o we be auver hungry: misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly—

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in every where.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine I never think of voul weather,

not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that's a zure zign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, zur—I do wish he were wi' all my heart and soul.

Gerald. [*To* MORRINGTON.] Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me;—how can I serve you?

Henry. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then, by removing from me the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be.

Ash. Noa, it should not, indeed, zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Shan't it, zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye faith, and troth? Now, dame, did not I zay zome good luck would turn up?

Henry. Oh, sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends?—will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy? my tears must thank you. [*Taking his Hand.*

Mor. [*Disengaging his Hand.*] Young man, you opprress me—forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to Heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for 1000*l.*—do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—no thanks.

Henry. But, sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present that information must suffice.

Henry. Morrington.

Ash. [*Bowing.*] Zur, if I may be so bold——

Mor. Nay, friend——

Ash. Don't be angry, I hadn't thanked you, zur, nor I won't.—Only, zur, I were going to ax, when you wou'd call again. You shall have my stampt note vor the money, you shall, indeed, zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance as 'twere.

Dame. Will your honour put a couple of turkies in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm?—don't ye zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewell, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, zur,—Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your honour—and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you, as you leave behind you—I do indeed.

[*Exeunt* ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Mor. Young man, proceed to the Castle, and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither, I'll instruct you further.—Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt* MORRINGTON, *looking stedfastly on* HENRY, GERALD *following.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *discovered*—MISS BLANDFORD *reading.*

Miss B. Shall I proceed to the next essay?

Sir Philip. What does it treat of?

Miss B. Love and friendship.

Sir Philip. A satire?

Miss B. No, father;—an eulogy.

Sir Philip. Thus do we find in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts. —Lay it by. [*A knocking at the Door.*] Come in.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir Philip. [*Rises.*] None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Everg. I thank you, sir. The unhappy Henry—

Miss B. What of him?

Sir Philip. Emma, go to your apartment.

Miss B. Poor Henry! [*Exit.*

Sir Philip. Imprudent man!

Everg. [SIR PHILIP *turns from him with resentment.*] Nay, be not angry; he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir Philip. I cannot, will not, again behold him.

Everg. I am sorry you refuse me, as it compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him, I demand to see him."

Sir Philip. Demand to see me! well, his high command shall be obeyed then. [*Sarcastically.*] Bid him approach. [*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter HENRY.

Sir Philip. By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir Philip. I your debtor!

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir Philip. [*Impatiently.*] To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature. [*Producing a Bond.*

Sir Philip. Ah! [*Recovering himself.*] it is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of 1000*l.* which, by assignment, is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured, and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir Philip. No! that must not be.

Henry. Oh, sir! why thus oppress an innocent man?—why spurn from you a heart, that pants to serve you? No answer, farewell. [*Going.*

Sir Philip. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to ask it [*Aside.*]—How came you possessed of this bond?

Henry. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in and saved—

Sir Philip. His name?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir. Philip. Fiend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have seen this Morrington?

Henry. Yes.

Sir Philip. Did he speak of me?

Henry. He did—and of your daughter. "Conjure him," said he "not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own; he holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that, while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict."

Sir Philip. Torture! [*With vehemence.*] Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir Philip. Aye. he knows that well. Young man, mark me:—This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible?

Sir Philip. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Henry. Confusion!

Sir Philip. Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reason sleeps, and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin.

Henry. On your soul, is Morrington that man?

Sir Philip. On my soul, he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship.

[*Tearing the Bond.*

Sir Philip. Rash boy! what have you done?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. For which you claim my thanks?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already—here. [*Pointing to his Heart.*] Curse on such wealth! compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me—I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man, whose heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate, that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day passed in innocence.

Sir Philip. Noble boy!—Oh, Blandford!

Henry. Ah!

Sir Philip. What have I said?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir Philip. 'Twas error—'twas madness.

Henry. Blandford! a thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

Sir Philip. Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh! forgive me.

Sir Philip. Yes, on one condition—leave me—Ah! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me! I obey; Sir Philip you may hate, but you shall respect, me.

[*Exit.*

Enter HANDY, JUN.

Handy. jun. At last, thank Heaven, I have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy?—You seem agitated.

Sir Philip. No, sir; rather indisposed.

Handy, jun. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I shan't have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir Philip. I beg your pardon, I have been an inattentive host.

Handy, jun. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for, to say the truth, though no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company—whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir Philip. Where's your worthy father?

Handy, jun. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it—he has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the Castle.

Sir Philip. Ah! ruin!—Within there!——Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist! order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the Castle instantly! Away!

Handy, jun. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir Philip. Oh, forbear! forbear!

Handy, jun. Excuse me, sir,—an alliance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause; for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Ah! how shall I act?

Handy, jun. Is my demand unreasonable?

Sir Philip. Strictly just—But oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Handy, jun. I do.

Sir Philip. Why then seek to change it into hate?

Handy, jun. Confidence seldom generates hate—Mistrust always.

Sir Philip. Most true.

Handy, jun. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir Philip. I believe it from my soul.—Yes, you shall hear my story, I will lay before your view the agony, with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Handy, jun. I am proud of your confidence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir Philip. Not here—let me lead you to the eastern part of the castle, my young friend—mark me: This is no common trust I repose in you; for I place my life in your hands.

Handy, jun. And the pledge I give for its security is, what alone gives value to life, my honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A gloomy Gallery in the Castle—in the centre a strongly barred Door.—The Gallery hung with Portraits.

HENRY *discovered examining a particular Portrait; which occupies a conspicuous situation in the Gallery.*

Henry. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the house of Blandford—Blandford!—my name—perhaps my father. To remain longer ignorant of my birth, I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be a virtue—Hush! I hear footsteps—Ah! Sir Philip and another in close conversation. Shall I avoid them?—No—Shall I conceal myself, and observe them?—Curse on the base suggestion!—No—

Enter SIR PHILIP *and* HANDY, JUN.

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Ah!

Sir. Philip. [*Turning round.*] Observe that portrait. [*Seeing* HENRY—*starts.*] Who's there?

Handy, jun. [*To* HENRY.] Sir, we wish to be private.

Henry. My being here, sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion. [*Bows.*] But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery. [*Aside. Exit.*

Handy. jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his father—my bro-

ther—[*Weeps.*]—I've not beheld that face these twenty years.—Let me again peruse its lineaments. [*In an agony of grief.*] Oh, God! how I loved that man!—

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. [*With suppressed agony.*] You shall now hear, sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possessed not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation!

Sir Philip. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*] On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover-like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and, with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God!——

Handy, jun. Pray proceed.

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth, who had wound themselves

round my heart by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breath vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other—stabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. The wretched woman——

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here—even to that chamber.—She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death. My task being ended, yours begins.

Handy, jun. Mine!

Sir Philip. Yes, that chamber contains evidence of my shame; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lie there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror—can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task Oh! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in endless night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Handy, jun. I will.

Sir Philip. [*Weeps.*] Will you? [*Embraces him.*] I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand!

Handy, jun. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn—I must pity you.

[*Exeunt* HANDY, JUN. *leading* SIR PHILIP.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A wooded View of the Country.

Enter SUSAN ASHFIELD, *who looks about with anxiety and then comes forward.*

Susan. I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another? But 'tis hard for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness; and, conscious of my own honour, what have I to fear? Perhaps he may repent of his unkindness to me—at least I'll put his passion to the proof; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is for ever mine; if not, I'll tear him from my breast, though from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah! he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—pardon me, female delicacy, if for a moment I seem to pass thy sacred limits. [*Retires up the Stage.*

Enter HANDY, JUN.

Handy, jun. By Heavens! the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy! I am come here to meet an angel, who will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words; [*Reading a Letter.*] *I confess, I love you still;* [*Kisses the Letter.*] but I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips confirm it. Ah! she's there—Susan, my angel! a

thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Susan. Do you not depise me?

Handy, jun No; love you more than ever.

Susan. Oh! Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate.—From this moment we meet with honour, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps, when you lead your happy bride to church, you may stumble over your Susan's grave. Well, be it so.

Handy, jun. Away with such sombre thoughts!

Susan. Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild, impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore promise me (perhaps 'tis the last favour I shall ask.) that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Handy, jun. I do—I will.

Susan. With a throbbing heart I will wait at a little distance. May virtuous love and sacred honour direct his thoughts! [*Aside. Exit.*

Handy, jun. Yes, I will reflect, that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still —what is the consequence?—that love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified —how I shall be envied when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! One will cry, "Who is "that angel?"—another, "Happy fellow!" then Susan will smile around—will she smile? oh yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield the companion of licentious women!—Damnation!—no! I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy! [*Sighs, and looks at his Watch.*]—would the time

were over !—Pshaw ! I think of it too seriously —'Tis false—I do not.—Should her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health ? should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die ?—die ! then what am I ?—a villain, loaded with her parents' curses and my own.—Let me fly from the dreadful thought.—But how fly from it ?—[*Calmly.*]—By placing before my imagination a picture of more honorable lineaments. I make her my wife.—Ah ! then she would smile on me—there's rapture in the thought ;—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty ; instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father's honest face runs a tear—but 'tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury ! paradise ! —Come, Susan !—come, my love, my soul—my wife.

Enter SUSAN—*she at first hesitates—on hearing the word Wife, she springs into his Arms.*

Susan. Is it possible?

Handy, jun. Yes, those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh ! no ; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Handy, jun. My Susan ! how true it is that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul I feel for her.

Susan. [*Ironically.*] Come, don't make yourself

miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Handy, jun. Nay, don't say so; she will be unhappy.

Ash. [*Without.*] There he is. Dame, shall I sheet at un?

Dame. No.

Susan. My father's voice.

Ash. Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. What do thee do here with my Sue, eh?

Handy, jun. With your Sue!—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what, thee Sue's husband?

Handy, jun. I soon shall be.

Ash. But how tho'?—What! faith and troth?—What! like as I married Dame?

Handy, jun. Yes.

Ash. What! axed three times!

Handy, jun. Yes; and from this moment I'll maintain, that the real temple of love is a parish church—Cupid is a chubby curate—his torch is the sexton's lantern—and the according pæan of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's Amen.

Ash. Huzza! only to think now—my blessing go with you, my children!

Dame. And mine.

Ash. And Heaven's blessing too. Ecod, I believe now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do every thing.

Handy, jun. No; for there is one thing I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Ash. Drabbit it! I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be asham'd of thy feyther in laa, wool ye?

Handy. jun. No; for then I must also be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Sir Abel. Heyday, Bob! why an't you gallanting your intended bride; but you are never where you ought to be.

Handy, jun. Nay, sir, by your own confession I am where I ought to be.

Sir Abel. No! you ought to be at the Castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there, and therefore—

Handy. jun. You are not there. In one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. Indeed! who told you so?

Handy. jun. One who never lies and, therefore, one I am determined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir Abel. But zounds! sir, what excuse have you?

Handy, jun. [*Taking* SUSAN'S *Hand.*] A very fair one, sir—is not she?

Sir Abel. Why, yes, sir, I can't deny it—but, 'sdeath, sir, this overturns my best plan!

Handy .jun. No, sir; for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent. Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir Abel. No, not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Handy, jun. I dare say it is. Come, sir, consent,

and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir Abel. He! he! he! well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you I dare no more approve, without—

Enter GERALD.

Gerald. Health to this worthy company!

Sir Abel. The same to you, sir.

Handy, jun. Who have we here, I wonder?

Gerald. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. I am the person.

Gerald. You are married?

Sir Abel. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness.

Gerald. Is it a happiness?

Sir Abel. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Gerald. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't, 'tis your interest to answer me.

Handy, jun. An extraordinary fellow this!

Gerald. Would it break your heart to part with her!

Sir Abel. Who are you, sir, that——

Gerald. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir Abel. Why, not absolutely, I hope. Time, and philosophy, and——

Gerald. I understand—what sum of money wou'd you give to the man, who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Handy, jun. He means something, sir.

Sir Abel. Do you think so, Bob?

Gerald. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir Abel. No!

Handy, jun. No!

Sir Abel. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Gerald. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir Abel. But, an't you deceiving me?

Gerald. What should I gain by that?

Sir Abel. Tell me your name?

Gerald. Time will tell that.

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel, where are you?

Gerald. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir Abel. So do I.

Gerald. I'll wait without—Cry, "Hem!" when you want me.

Sir Abel. Then you need not go far—

[*Exit* GERALD.

I dare not believe it—I should go out of my wits—and then if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

Enter LADY HANDY.

Lady H. So, sir, I have found you at last?

Handy, jun. My honoured mamma, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind hearted to the young loviers.—Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! and have you dared to consent? [*To* SIR ABEL.]

Sir Abel. Oh, no, my Lady!

Handy, jun. Sir, you had better cry—"Hem!"

Sir Abel. I think it's time, Bob—Hem!

Handy, jun. Hem!

Lady, H. What do you mean by—Hem!

Sir Abel. Only, my dear, something troublesome I want to get rid of—Hem!

Enter GERALD.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

GERALD *Advances.*

Lady H. [*Shricks and exclaims.*] Gerald!

Gerald. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty years away and not dead?

Gerald. No, wife.

Sir Abel. Wife! did you say, wife?

Gerald. Yes.

Sir Abel. Say it again.

Gerald. She is my wife.

Sir Abel. Once more.

Gerald. My lawful wedded wife.

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear fellow!—Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl!—[*Embraces* GERALD *and the rest.*] Oh, my dear! [*Running to* MRS. GERALD.] No—yes, now she an't my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes—or stocks, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or——

Gerald. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir Abel. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Gerald. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come! this way [*Beckoning to* MRS. GERALD.]—important events now call on me

and prevent my staying longer with this company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know I'm not used to trifle; come, come—

[*She reluctantly, but obediently, crosses the Stage, and runs off*—GERALD *follows.*

Sir Abel. [*Imitating.*] Come, come—That's a damn'd clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here, your hands—The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness—I wish I had more imitators—Well, what will you do? [*Walks about exultingly.*] Where will you go? I'll go any where you like—Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburgh, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? all the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Handy, jun. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir Abel. Have with you Bob. [*Singing.*] "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour."—[*Beckoning.*]—Come, come—

[*Exeunt* SIR ABEL, HANDY, JUN. *and* SUSAN. SUSAN *Kisses her Hand to* ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. Bless her! how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummas, think of the wedding.

Ash. [*Reflecting.*] I declare I shall be just the zame as ever—may be I may buy a smartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o'that.

Dame. [*Apart.*] And, then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends. [*Apart.*

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. [*Apart*] How dost do, Peter—Ay, Dick, —glad to zee thee wi' all my zoul.

[*Bows towards the Centre of the Stage.*

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then, with a kind of half curt'sy, I shall—

[*She advances to the Centre also, and their Heads meet.*

Ash. What an wold fool thee bees't, Dame—Come along, and behave pratty, do'e. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same as Act Fourth, Scene Third.

Enter HANDY, JUN. *with caution, bearing a Light, and a large Key.*

Handy, jun. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow, every thing is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—su—sure of that—only every thing is so cursedly hush, and—[*A Flash of Light and a tremendous explosion takes place.*] What the devil's that? [*Trembling.*] I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Father? [*Trembling.*]

Sir Abel. [*Trembling.*] Bob!

Handy jun. Have you seen any thing!

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear boy!

Handy, jun. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir Abel. Such an accident! Mercy on us!

Handy, jun Speak!

Sir Abel. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when somehow it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and—

Handy, jun. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, Bob.

Handy, jun. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your fire escape?

Sir Abel. It is not fixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your patent fire engine?

Sir Abel. 'Tis on the road.

Handy, jun. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir Abel. Never.

Handy, jun. What's to be done?

Sir Abel. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it —perhaps it will go out of itself!

Handy, jun. Go out! it increases every minute— Let us run for assistance—Let us alarm the family. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Servant. [*Without.*] Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the rascal, throw him into the flames.

[SIR ABEL *runs off, and the Alarm Bell rings.*

SCENE III.

The Garden of the Castle.—The Effects of the Fire shown on the Foliage and Scenery.

Enter HENRY, *meeting* EVERGREEN.

Henry. The castle in flames!—What occasioned it?

Everg. Alas! I know not!

Henry. Are the family in safety?

Everg. Sir Philip is.

Henry. And his daughter?

Everg. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking with agony from that window!

Henry. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Everg. [*Holding him.*] Are you mad? the great staircase is in flames.

Henry. I care not! Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter!

Everg. Yet reflect.

Henry. Old man, do not cling to me thus—'Sdeath! men will encounter peril to ruin a woman, and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? [*Exit.*

Everg. Brave, generous boy! Heaven preserve thee!

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Everg. I fear, sir, the Castle will be destroyed.

Sir Philip. My child! my child! where is she? speak!

Everg. Alas! she remains in the Castle!

Sir Philip. Ah! then will I die with her! [*Going.*

Everg. Hold, dear master! if human power can preserve her, she is safe—The bravest, noblest of men has flown to her assistance.

Sir Philip. Heaven reward him with its choicest blessings!

Everg. 'Tis Henry.

Sir Philip. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I will reward him!

Everg. Then be happy! Look, sir!

Sir Philip. Ah! dare I trust my eyes!

Everg. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir Philip. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter HENRY, *bearing* EMMA *in his Arms.*

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir Philip. My child! my Emma, revive!

Henry. [*Apart.*] Aye—now to unfold the mystery—The avenue to the eastern wing is still passable—the chamber not yet in flames—the present moment lost, and all is closed for ever. I will be satisfied, or perish. [*Exit.*

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir Philip. Yes, only blessing of my life! In future thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness my joy.

Enter HANDY, JUN. *and* SUSAN.

Handy, jun. My dear friend safe! and the lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze.

Sir Philip. But, Emma, where is your Henry? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn, to avoid our gratitude.—

Everg. No—he again rushed into the Castle, exclaiming, "I will penetrate that chamber, or perish in the attempt.

Sir Philip. Then all is discovered.

Handy, jun. Hush, for Heaven's sake, collect yourself!

Enter HENRY *in great agitation.*

Miss B. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Thank Heaven, he's safe! What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the Castle?

Henry. Fate! the desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir Philip. Ah!

Henry. Yes; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust,

opposed my entrance—in vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was my guide, and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found – these!

[*Produces a Knife and bloody Cloth.*

Sir Philip. [*Starts with horror, then, with solemnity.*] It is accomplished! Just Heaven, I bend to thy decree!—Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah! [*Grasping the Knife.*]

Miss B. [*Placing herself between him and her Father.*] Henry! [*He drops his Hand.*] Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I've heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I'm sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy my father?

Henry. Would I were in my grave!

Enter GERALD.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald, here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Gerald. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Gerald. Morrington.

Sir Philip. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me—

Gerald. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, *wrapped up in his Cloak.*

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me?

[MORRINGTON *claps his Hands together, and hides his Face.*

Ah! can even you pity me? Speak—still silent—still mysterious—Well, let me employ what remains of life, in thinking of hereafter—[*Addressing Heaven.*] Oh, my brother! we soon shall meet again—And let me hope, that, stripped of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee.

[MORRINGTON *becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into* GERALD'S *Arms.*

Ah! what means that agony? He faints! give him air—

[*They throw open his Cloak and Hat.*]

[*Starts.*] Angels of mercy! my brother! 'tis he! he lives! Henry, support your father!

Henry. [*Running to* MORRINGTON.] Ah, my father! he revives!

Sir Philip. Hush!

[MORRINGTON *recovers—seeing his Brother, covers his Face with shame, then falls at his Feet.*

Mor. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch!

Sir Philip. [*Indignantly.*] My brother—Morrington!

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy hear me!

Sir Philip. Speak!

Mor. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home

what your arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered—"Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone!"

Sir Philip. Oh! go on!

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—What was to be done? I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your large estate—lived hateful to myself, detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his feet! [*Places Parchments before* SIR PHILIP.

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible!

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No—By me you first beheld her mother: 'Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No—But my Henry has saved that angel's life—Kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint. [HENRY *kneels with him.*

Sir Philip. O God! How infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me—

There—There. [*Joining their Hands.*

Henry. But my father——

Sir Philip. [*Approaching.*] Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee.

Mor Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No, no. [*Striking his Breast.*] Here—I want thee here—Raise him to my heart.

[*They raise* MORRINGTON—*in the effort to embrace, he falls into their Arms exhausted.*

Again! [*They sink into each other's Arms.*

Handy, jun. [*Comes forward.*] If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

[*The Curtain falls.*]

THE END.

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THE

STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By ROBERT FRANCIS JAMESON, Esq.

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THE

STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By ROBERT FRANCIS JAMESON, Esq.

PROLOGUE.

Hard is his task who undertakes to please!
Passion to rouse, and temper to appease—
With chymic pow'r dissolve each varied tone,
And melt a thousand humours into one!
Each has a taste—a prejudice to lull,
Some gay, some grave—some witty, and some dull!
How then can poets ever hope to please
At once such adverse sentiments as these?
" *By painting Nature*"—is the cry around.
But, let me ask—*Where's nature to be found?*
Close-veil'd with art no feature she discloses,
Men's characters are stuccoed, like their houses.
So delicately nice, so rigid grown,
In this pure age no *naked hearts* are shown.
The forest race of man, which liv'd of yore,
Reclaim'd from nature, now is seen no more;
Art's livery o'er all a sameness throws,
And character in *class*, not *person*, flows.
Should we try fiction, rule on rule is brought,
To prune the wild exuberance of thought:
Each plies the shears, to shape the quickset waste,
And like a rural cit, conceives it *taste*.
O'er Fancy's wilds all claim a right to sway,
And, as the humour leads, mark out a way.
The tree of knowledge every critic clips,
And propagates new saplings with the slips.
Rang'd into groves, an avenue they frame,
And point it as the surest road to Fame.
Some on this measur'd railway move, and find
Unfetter'd genius leaves them far behind.
Boldly he urges on—flies o'er each mound,
And clears the critic hedges at a bound.
Yet, as he flies, hark to the hue and cry—
A *Felon* by the *laws of Poetry!*
To night our bard—but no, I will not sue—
You're *English judges*, and will judge him true,
Nor more I'll say, to temper your decrees,
Than that his task is hard, who tries to please.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Gaspar	*Mr. Blanchard.*
Don Alonzo	*Mr. Abbot.*
Don Christoval	*Mr. Jones.*
Don Daphnis	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Miguel	*Mr. Mathews.*
Geronimo	*Mr. Simmons.*
First Watch	*Mr. Atkins.*
Aminta	*Mrs. H. Johnston.*
Angelica	*Miss Cooke.*
Pertilla	*Mrs. C. Kemble.*

Servants, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE.—Salamanca.

THE

STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA;

A COMEDY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter DON ALONZO *and* PERTILLA, *meeting.*

Don Alon. What, Pertilla!

Per. Ha! Don Alonzo! is it you? Well met, sir, I was just going to pay you a visit.

Don Alon. And I hovering on the watch for you. How does my Angelica?

Per. Like a child, sir, who cries to have the Sun for a plaything, which the Nurse won't let it have, because 'twould burn its fingers, so offers it a rattle instead. I know you lovers like similes, so I made that no purpose for you. My mistress is the Child, you are the Sun, my old master the Nurse, and, to finish my metaphor, your rival the Count is the rattle.

Don Alon. Is he arrived—is the Count arrived?

Per. No, sir, but he is expected to-night, and it is said the marriage is to take place directly. You know my master Don Gaspar pretty well, I believe sir; an old rusty weathercock, who will neither be

mov'd by zephyrs or storms. The Count was brought up under his care, and has always been design'd for Donna Angelica, but, poor thing! she has a natural antipathy to him—they were always look'd on as good as married.

Don Alon. What, in the name of Heaven, can I do! I fondly imagin'd when I gain'd the hand of my Angelica, that I had attain'd complete felicity; but even the stealth of happiness makes me feel criminal—I tremble at every voice, and shrink from every eye. Yes, guilty I well may feel. I have torn an amiable girl from the bosom of affluence and a father. We have been too rash, Pertilla—we have been too rash.

Per. Will you allow me to advise you, sir.?

Don Alon. I will listen to any thing, or any one. A drowning man will catch at a straw.

Per. Sir, your humble—you have really an exquisite turn for compliment. Why look ye, Don Alonzo, you have been married now nearly three months, and have frequently without detection had meetings with your mistress—your wife I mean—but really tho' you are married, I can't help looking on you as lovers. Our rope-ladder is almost worn out, but it will serve once more to let you in at the window. Come to-night, at the usual hour, throw up the usual signal pebble, I shall be ready at my post, and Donna Angelica and you can then settle matters between you.

Don Alon. You say right, Pertilla, I should do nothing without my Angelica's concurrence.

Per. Well then, we shall see you. I only wish you were as sure of Don Gaspar, as you are of my mistress. Hang these old fellows! they must always be busy—meddling with matters they have nothing

to do with. I can't see what business a man after fifty has with his head unshav'd and out of a cloister.
[*Exit.*

Don Alon. I am distracted with doubts and difficulties! Something must be done without delay. If I had but a friend to confide in; —Christoval has so much levity, yet I believe him sincerely my friend. He has frequently of late noticed with concern the seriousness of my air. I think I may trust him—I'll go and—

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL, *hastily.*

Don Chr. Here!—holla! harkee! my dear fellow!

Don Alon. Ha! Christoval, are you here?

Don Chr. Zounds! I'm quite out of breath—I've had such a devil of a run after her.

Don Alon. After whom, pray?

Don Chr. That's what I want to know. Can you tell me whose house that is? [*Pointing out.*

Don Alon. What, that?

Don Chr. Ay! the one that queer little fellow yonder, who is taking a pinch of snuff just now, is standing at.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Don Gaspar's! What can he—

Don Chr. You don't know? I'll just step and—

Don Alon. But Christoval!

Don Chr. Well.

Don Alon. Do you mean *that* house?

Don Chr. That house!—ay!

Don Alon. And pray what do want with the house?

Don Chr. Nothing, my dear fellow, nothing—only one of its tenants. But I'm wrong in calling it a *house*—'tis a temple—for there dwells a divinity!

Don Alon. Ha!

Don Chr. You must know, the other day, as I was lounging along the Alameda, thinking of some foolish thing or other—[something about myself, I believe]—my attention was suddenly arrested by one of the prettiest little feet imaginable sticking out beyond a tree. I stept on, and found it belong'd to an exquisitely turn'd ancle. The next step gave me a side-view of a delicate figure leaning on a seat; captivated by this, I strided on, and came full in sight of a lady in so confounded thick a veil, there was no seeing thro' it.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] Could this be her!

Don Chr. Turning her head suddenly, a lock of hair fell over her shoulders, and informed me its mistress wore auburn tresses.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, it was her!

Don Chr. Now arguing logically, I inferr'd that to suit it she must certainly have a fair skin, and from these premisses, neat feet, well-turn'd ancles, a fine figure, auburn hair and a good skin, I immediately concluded she must be a devilish fine woman.

Don Alon. You did?

Don Chr. Ay, sir. But see the uncertainty of human affairs! at that moment Fate came in a yellow chariot, and carried her off, before I could so much as say—"celestial creature, whereabouts do you put up on earth?"

Don Alon. So then you—

Don Chr. Prythee have patience. The next day, strolling down the Alameda as usual, I found myself unconsciously led to the same spot, and, egad—there she was again!

Don Alon. Ha! again!

Don Chr You may be sure I made good use of my time and tongue. The dear creature was by no means adverse—gay as a lark, and tender as a dove—in short, she made me completely happy.

Don Alon. Zounds! what do you mean?

Don Chr. She put up her veil—and under it I discover'd such a nest of graces! but to describe her face, one would need a stock of stars, diamonds, roses, lilies, peaches, gossamer and ivory, that would create quite a scarcity in the poetical world. In short, sir, such an angelic creature I never saw, and, as I like plain dealing, I told her so. But the gipsey was cautious—not a hint of her name and residence. I almost think she's married, for she seem'd fearful of being notic'd, and, on seeing some one approaching, begg'd me to leave her, which, after a promise of another meeting, I did.

Don Alon. And you have met, of course?

Don Chr. Alack-a-day, sir, no. Day after day have I linger'd in suspence. I carried a *billet doux* ready written in my pocket, in case I should see her by chance, or find out her residence; but all to no purpose—till just now I met my old friend, the yellow carriage, rattling along—sharp was the word—away I scamper'd, and, after puffing and blowing thro' half the streets of Salamanca, saw my fair unknown set down at yonder house.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] There is a levity in this conduct that confounds me.

Don Chr. It seems a good house. You don't know who it belongs to?

Don Alon. Yes, it belongs to a rich Peruvian, Don Gaspar de Souza, and it is his only daughter, Donna Angelica, you have seen.

Don Chr. [Takes out a pencil and letter, and writes.] *Donna Angelica de Souza.*

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] I'll let him write, and find how she takes it. She certainly must have been guilty of great levity to have given him such encouragement.

Don Chr. Thank'ye, my dear boy. What you know her, do you?

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] I'm not in a humour for his ratling. Good day to you, Don Christoval. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. What the devil's the matter with him? He seems discompos'd yet he can't dislike this affair of mine, for he told me my fair one's name. Ay! ay! your grave geniusses are generally sly dogs; like northern volcanoes—frost on the face, fire in the heart. I'll engage he knows the address of all the pretty faces in Salamanca.

Enter MIGUEL.

Mig. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Can't you look before you? Blundering about, and knocking against people—Oh! Lord! Sir, I beg your pardon, I didn't see you.

Don Chr. The way of the world—your precept goes one way, and your practice another. You come *aprops* tho', I was just wanting you.

Mig. At your Honour's service.

Don Chr. Do you know any of Don Gaspar de Souza's family?

Mig. Hum! I once kept company with the cook—not that I was ever in the house, for I carried on a secret correspondence on the back of the butcher's tallies.

Don Chr. Then you can manage to get this letter convey'd into the house.

Mig. Alas! sir, the poor thing has been serv'd up to heaven some time. I have a sort of how-dye-do acquaintance with the old butler, Senior Geronimo—Hey! talk of the devil—there he is waddling along this way.

Don Chr. Here then take this letter—I want it discreetly delivered—discreetly—you understand me.

If he agrees to do it, he shall not want reward, nor you either.

Mig. Oh! sir, my humble abilities, natural and acquir'd, are entirely at your Honour's disposal.

Don Chr. I leave it to your management. [*Exit.*

Mig. Ah! these young fellows, whose heads are fill'd with love and Burgundy, have no ideas beyond their mistress or their bottle. What would they do without their unfortunate friends, we valets? We are the life and soul of an intrigue—your lover is a mere machine. Let me see—'tis now about eight years since I first enter'd on the right honourable office of a college valet, and in that time, in which I have descended like an heir-loom from student to student, and learnt as much Latin and logic as all my masters put together, I have conducted about a hundred and fity intrigues, disposed of a dozen heiresses, and laid the foundation of forty divorces. And here I am in a livery suit! ah! that jade Fortune—well, we all know she's blind. Seneca observes very justly when he says—

Enter GERONIMO.

—Ah! what Senor Geronimo, is it you? I hope I have the honour of seeing you well. 'Tis such a devil of a time since I've had the pleasure of setting eyes on you, I almost thought you had gone to heaven, but I'm extremely glad, my old friend, to find you're not there.

Ger. Thank'ye, Senor Miguel, thank'ye for your good wishes.

Mig. Well, and how wags the world you—eh *domine?*

Ger. Pray, Senor, don't swear so.

Mig. [*Aside.*] To see the ignorance of these common people!

Ger. I can't abide swearing, 'tis a sad wicked habit. I wonder a man of your sense, Senor Miguel, should fall into it.

Mig. Oh! Senor, you mistake—it was a quotation from the Classics. [*Aside.*] A shrewd old fellow tho'—good natural capacity and a man of observation—Oh! by the bye, Senor Geronimo, I have a little business to transact with you.

Ger. Business, Senor?

Mig. Ay! a little love traffic. You must know my master, Don Christoyal d'Olvredo, has fallen in love with your young mistress.

Ger. Indeed!

Mig. *Ecce Signum*—here it is under his hand. He's a rich young fellow, you a shrewd old one—so here, take the letter, and debit him for the postage.

Ger. Why how the deuce could he fall in love with my mistress?

Mig. What a simple question! Would you ask a man the reason of his being a fool?

Ger. Hum! Pray, Senor, what does Don Christoval do here in Salamanca?

Mig. His principal occupations are—eating, drinking, sleeping, lounging, and intriguing.

Ger. Ah! In other words, a Student at the University!

Mig. Yes, *Student* is the name young fellows at an University go by.

Ger. Does he come of a good family?

Mig. Superexcellent. He can count you no less than ten Saints, fifty Monks, as many Nuns, one Pope, two Cardinals, and a Hermit.

Ger. Ay, ay!—but his fortune, Senor, his fortune?

Mig. Old King Crœsus was a beggar to him!—he could buy half the synagogues in Christendom;—bless you, his father was a contractor!

Ger. You may give me the letter, Senor. I'll see what can be done for him.

Mig. If you'll do for him, he'll do for you. I have executed my embassy, and must now be allow'd to kiss your hand. Senor Geronimo, may the Gods and Goddesses have you in their holy keeping. I am with the highest consideration, your most obedient very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Ger. Your servant, Senor. Ha, ha, ha! what a politic old dog am I! Thanks to St. Jago, I have a head. While half the young fellows in Salamanca are sighing and dying for my mistress, writing letters and receiving answers, she knows not a syllable of the matter. I am like the priest under the petticoat, and work the miracle. Let's see what our new spark has to say for himself [*Opens the Letter.*] Ha! "racks!" "torments!" "raptures!" Ay, ay, the usual stuff—"Slight view of your charms"—Hey! "Another meeting!"—hum! a thought strikes me —this is the richest of all my customers—let me see—

Enter PERTILLA.

Per. Heyday, father of mine—what are you ruminating on so profoundly?

Ger. Pertilla, is it you? You are the very one I wanted.

Per. The old business, I suppose?

Ger. Not very old, only born a few minutes ago.

Per. Sir, I must beg to be excused.

Ger. How, jade, how! What do you mean?

Per. Why, look'ye, sir, I begin to think we have gone on long enough; let us retreat while we can do it safely. 'Tis now some months since first you persuaded me to personate Donna Angelica in your plots, to show myself veil'd at a window, and kiss my hand

to the inamorato below; to walk by moon-light in the garden, as if waiting an assignation, while, by well-tim'd surprises you scar'd the expecting spark away before he could discover the deception. I begin to have compunctions of conscience; for, tho' cheating is fair enough in love dealings, and a mistress is allow'd by establish'd rules, to use her swains like dogs, yet, as I am not in love with the poor devils you delude, I don't think it right to use them so barbarously.

Ger. Hark'ye, jade, I give you your choice—will you be a poor chambermaid all your days, trudging to mass in second-hand finery and pattens, whose only hope will be to captivate some legacied footman, who will stick like a burr to you all your life; or will you be a fine lady, rolling in a fine chariot, and married to a fine gentleman, who will treat you with so much politeness, that he will leave you entirely to yourself?

Per. My dear sir, if you have any good news to tell, out with it plump—never mind my feelings.

Ger. But your conscience.

Per. Oh! sir, I am fully persuaded obedience to a parent is the first of all duties.

Ger. Oh! you do—Then read this. [*Gives the letter.*]—[*Aside.*] The jade will never come into the scheme, unless I soften matters.

Per. Psha! common-place rant! What is all this to me?

Ger. Why you silly thing, the letter is to you.

Per. To me! Pray wipe your spectacles, and look at the direction again, sir.

Ger. Do *you* look at it again—don't you see it is pencil'd? It is not five minutes ago since a gentleman came up to me, and ask'd me if I didn't live at Don Gaspar de Souza's. "Ay! marry do I," says

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I. " Pray," says he, " is there e'er a young lady in the house of the middle size, rather jolly?" and so he went on for half an hour, describing you to a hair.

Per. Bless me!

Ger. Thinks I to myself, something may come of this; so says I—[Lord forgive me for fibbing—it was all for you, you jade]—" Senor," says I, " you have drawn the very picture of my young mistress, Donna Angelica." With that he whips out a letter, a pistole, and a pencil—

Per. Why sure can it be—pray, sir, what sort of a looking man was he?

Ger. As if you don't know? Ay, ay! you're a sly one.—[*Aside.*] I have hit the mark it seems.

Per. As I hope for a husband, I verily believe it is the very gentleman I met at St. Anthony's church last Tuesday at vespers. He seem'd mightily struck with me, and insisted on seeing me home.

Ger. Your fortune's made you jade, your fortune's made.

Per. Pray, sir, let me see the letter again.

Ger. [*Aside.*] The very same, by St. Peter—'tis all clear. I was sure it couldn't be my young mistress, for she has not stirr'd out this fortnight.

Per. Really an extremely well express'd letter —I'll read it over again at my leisure. The duce take it, I have prattled away my time,—I forgot I was in a hurry. I'll talk the affair over with you presently, sir. It wouldn't be right to throw away one's fortune.

Ger. You talk like a sensible girl, Pertilla. I'll manage the business; the sooner it is brought to a conclusion the better.

Per. I am quite of your opinion, sir, though I assure you I would have nothing to do with him if I

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didn't think his intentions were honourable. Bless me! is that a clock striking? What a wretched life one leads in service!—order'd here and order'd there—'tis a slavery with the best mistress. I shall see you again presently, sir, and we'll talk it all over; at present I'm forc'd to go;—one's teaz'd out of one's life with one whim or another—I'm sure I'm heartily sick of being driven about in this way. [*Exit.*

Ger. Her head is turn'd already. Well, this is beyond my hopes—she has hook'd a rich fish, and 'tis now my business to haul him on shore. Hey! here comes another of my customers—that old fool Don Daphnis. He's a Student too—ha! ha! They say he formerly dangled behind a counter at Corunna, and was steady enough till he was turn'd of fifty, when a lumping legacy dropt into his pocket and overbalanc'd him. He's now in the teens of his second childhood, and allowing for the usual extravagancies of *young men* of his *age*, I have no doubt he will turn out as well as—most of his fellow Students.

Enter DON DAPHNIS.

DON DAPH. (*Singing.*)
"Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah! no; the love that kills indeed,
Dispatches at a bl"——— oh!

faugh! this easterly wind twinges one unmercifully. What, Geronimo, my old buck—hugh! hugh! hugh! Wel', my old boy, how does my little Angelica—hey? Has that icicle, her heart, begun to melt—hey? No answer from her yet—hey?

Ger. Your worship—

Don Daph. Eh! eh! what do you say?

Ger. Your worship must know —

Don Daph. Stop, stop, [*Comes to the other side*

of GERONIMO.]—[*Aside.*] My deaf side. Please to speak loud, for the coaches make such a rattling.

Ger. My mistress and I were discoursing this morning about your worship.

Don Daph. What do you say? Your mistress and you went out a coursing this morning?

Ger. My mistress and I were discoursing this morning about your worship.

Don Daph. Ay, ay!

Ger. She is afraid to write, because your worship is said to be so wild a gentleman.

Don Daph. Ha! ha! so then you hinted to her, as I directed you, that I was a very devil amongst the women?

Ger. I told her your worship was a *Mahometan* in that respect, though a good Christian in all others.

Don Daph. I a good Christian! Jackanapes—you've ruin'd me. What a pitiful opinion must she have of my spirit. Why, she must think me a mere humdrum. But what said my little queen—hey?

Ger. "Geronimo," said she, "dont' tell me any such flams, for I'm sure he's a very wicked old dog."

Don Daph. Eh! old dog? did she say *old* dog Geronimo?

Ger. She call'd *me* a wicked old dog, for saying your worship was a good Christian.

Don Daph. Ay, ay! that was it—the dear creature! Do you think she'll go to vespers to-night, Geronimo?

Ger. She never goes to vespers your worship, except it be on a Saint's day, and then she goes to the Nunnery.

Don Daph. [*Aside.*] It's plain she does not trust this old fellow, by his not knowing I met her at St. Anthony's.—Well, well: but tell her I must have an answer—I know she's inclined—tell her I'm a man

of honor, Geronimo. We rakes play the devil with women's hearts; at the sight of we mortal Jupiters, the little flutterers are in motion, and dance fandango's to the sound of our voices. Oh! by the bye, Geronimo, does your mistress lay in the front or the back of the house?

Ger. In front, your worship—but I hope—

Don Daph. Don't be afraid—I'm only going to serenade her to-night. Here, here—here's a pistole—

Ger. I humbly thank your worship.

Don Daph. Can you give me change for it?

Ger. I have left all my money, please your worship, in my other small clothes.

Don Daph. Why then you must work it out, by bringing me an answer to-morrow. Go—go, you old rogue—tipple success to Cupid and Don Daphnis. Bless me! there's the College bell—I shall be too late for the lecture.—

"Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to"————

—hugh! hugh! hugh! [*Exit.*

Ger. Your worship's most—Ha! ha! an old fool! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DON GASPARD'S *House.*

Enter ANGELICA, *with a Book.*

Donna Ang. What a gloomy picture does this Novelist draw of life, and for entertainment too! strange! that when he tells us misfortune is our common portion, he should serve it up thus as a banquet! I am tir'd of toiling up this mountain of mi-

sery—[*Throws away the Book*]—the man has made me as melancholy as if the destinies of his heroine were to be mine.

AMINTA *peeps in.*

Donna Am. Cousin! Cousin Angelica!

Donna Ang. Is it you, Aminta?

Donna Am. Are you at your studies still? May I come in?

Donna Ang. O! pray favour me—I shall be glad to see you.

Donna Am. [*Enters.*] Upon my word, cousin, you treat me shamefully—I have been nearly a week in this house of your father's, and I don't think I have had an hour's conversation with you altogether—you're so fond of moping; but I really must be rude enough to force myself upon you. I'm so wonderfully *emnui'd* to-day, I can't stay any longer alone.—But bless me! Angelica—why are you not at your toilette? I hear your betroth'd husband, Count Pompodoso, is expected every moment.

Donna Ang. What a chill you've given me by uttering that odious name.

Donna Am. Odious name! I see you have got the phraseology of matrimony already. But pray, my dear, why so violent against this poor man?—he is young, rich, and noble.

Donna Ang. Psha! an affected fop!

Donna Am. Let me look in your face, and I'll tell you.

Donna Ang. Well, what will you tell me?

Donna Am. Ay! there it is—I see it as plain as possible.

Donna Ang. Absurd!—what do you see, pray?

Donna Am. Your heart, child—your heart. I can see plainly, that lodging for single gentlemen is

already engaged. Now would it not be more polite to tell the Count at once that you can't accommodate him, than to slap the door thus in his face?

Donna Ang. To tell you the truth, Aminta, this matter gives me great uneasiness. I never can love the Count—love him! he is my aversion. Yet my father has look'd forward to this union as the favourite project of his latter life, and you know how obstinate he is in the prosecution of his wishes. The Count is too weak and too ungenerous in his nature to listen to me, especially since he must renounce my fortune at the same time.—But I will die sooner than submit to the sacrifice.

Donna Am. Come, come—there is something more to be told. State your cause fairly, and then I'll engage in your cause.

Donna Ang. Ah! Aminta—if I could but confide in you!

Donna Am. Secrets of importance, my dear, you may safely trust me with: their weight will sink them to the bottom of my breast; and as I always speak what's uppermost, there will be no fear of their transpiring.—But hark! I think I hear Don Gaspar!

Donna Ang. Yes; it is my father. I tremble lest the Count should be come.

Enter Don GASPAR.

Don Gas. Ay! well, I'm glad he has let me know, I should have thought else he had met with some accident.—Ha! what are you here wenches? Here's the Count just sent on an express to say he won't be here to-night.

Donna Ang. [*Aside.*] Heaven be prais'd!

Don Gas. Several towns thro' which he is to pass, intend showing him some tokens of respect. Besides travelling quick is not consistent with his dignity,

and he is always careful to preserve that—a true Spaniard of the old Castilian breed.

Donna Am. Upon my word, sir, I can't praise his gallantry, however laudable his other qualities may be.

Don Gas. He looks on himself as already married. His father, the old Count, sent him home to me from Peru, when no higher than my knee, and express'd a hope to see our families united. I love him as a son, and e'er four and twenty hours are elaps'd, he shall have a fair title to the name—Eh, girl? [*To* DONNA ANG.

Donna Ang. My sentiments on that subject are not unknown to you, sir. I am not one of those who, cold as the altar they breathe their vows on—

Don Gas. Come, come, none of your sentimental whining. You know my mind, and it is your duty to conform. It grows late—go and consult your pillow—to-morrow every thing will be settled. You're a foolish girl, and don't know the world—go, go.

Donna Ang. I wish I could always obey you, sir, with as much pleasure as I do at present. [*Exit.*

Don Gas. Aminta—I want you to talk to her a little. I sent for you on purpose to wean her from her romancing. You know something of the world, and can instruct her on that point.

Donna Am. Truly, sir, I think it very strange, when the object of both sexes in affairs of love is to make fools of each other, that she should find fault with a ready-made one. I'll go and give her a lecture immediately—poor thing! she is very ignorant—quite a natural in these matters. [*Exit.*

Don Gas. Madcap! 'Tis the great fault of modern education, to allow familiarity between parents and children. That silly fondling and familiar caressing

which some permit, only tends to undermine authority. A parent should keep up his dignity, that's my plan; yes, yes—that's the only way to govern a family properly, never to allow any freedoms, any sort of—

Enter PERTILLA, *crossing the Stage, and singing.*—

Holla! mistress!

Per. Bless me! sir! how you frighten'd me!

Don Gas. Pertilla, I want to speak to you.

Per. Yes, sir.

Don Gas. Pertilla, I believe you have some little influence with my daughter. You know this match that I'm bringing about; I want you to talk her into it. The smallest grain will turn a scale.

Per. Very true, sir.

Don Gas. I intend to make you a handsome present on the wedding-day.

Per. Sir, you may depend on my doing every thing in my power.

Don Gas. Ay—that's right. You're an honest girl, Pertilla, and I shall remember you. [*Exit.*

Per. Ah! will you so, old Frumpy! I'm tir'd of this restraint. That I should be obliged to truckle to an old fool like that! I feel the spirit of gentility in me already. I had almost a good mind to answer him flatly. Well, I shall soon be free; let me see the letter again. I'm glad to get in a quiet corner up stairs—the noise and vulgarity of the servants are quite annoying. [*Reads.*] *From the slight view I have had of your charms, I find myself*—

Donna Am. [*Without.*] Pertilla!

Per. Yes, Ma'am.—What a worrying! whereabout was I?

Donna Am. Pertilla!

Per. Here I am, Ma'am.—Oh! "I find myself—"

Donna Am. Pertilla!

Per. The deuce take your squalling! I'm a com-ming, Ma'am.

Enter DONNA AMINTA.

[PERTILLA *tries to hurry the letter into her pocket, but drops it.*

Donna Am. Why, Pertilla. where are you, child! There's my cousin Angelica has finished her novel, and wants to go to bed to dream it all over.

Per. I'll be with her directly, Ma'am. [*Exit.*

Donna Am. I can't bring her to confession, but 'tis certain there's a lover in the case. Heigho! I don't know what's the matter with me to-night. I'm in a most unaccountable humour—I could laugh and cry at the same time. The wind blows right from England—that's the reason I believe. Fal de ral, fall de—heigho! ho! ha! I can't help thinking of that impudent fellow I met on the Alameda—Christoval d'Olvredo, I think he call'd himself. Of all the—hey; what have we here? [*Takes up the letter.*] a letter! *To Donna Angelica de Souza*—a man's hand too! it would almost serve her right to read it, for her carelessness. What nice paper it is—perfum'd too, I think. I should like just to take a peep at the name—only to—Hey! what! "Christoval d'Olvredo!"—"Raptures at our interview"—"agony at your absence!"—Oh, Lord! how dizzy my head is! The sly demure creature! she's in a fine way, corresponding with young fellows. Don Gaspar shall know this, I'm determin'd. An intriguing—hypocritical—artful creature! I'll go and tell Don Gaspar directly.

Enter PERTILLA.

—Where's your master, girl?

Per. Ma'am!

Donna Am. Where's your master? I say.

Per. My master, Ma'am My master's gone to bed.

Donna Am. Gone to bed! How unlucky! I shan't be able to get a wink of sleep to-night now.

Per. [*Aside.*] What the deuce can have become of it! I certainly must have dropt it.

Donna Am. This girl must be in the secret;—come here, child. What are you looking for?

Per. I've lost my thimble, Ma'am, somewhere.

Donna Am. Psha! never mind, I'll get you another. Come here, Pertilla, I want to speak with you.

Per. Yes, Ma'am.

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] No, no; I had better not either, till Don Gaspar knows it. Go to bed, child; go to bed—what do you sitting up so? [*Aside.*] Yet I mayn't get so good an opportunity again. Stop—stop—here—here [ANGELICA *calls* PERTILLA *without.*] The deuce take it! Go about your business, child, go about your business—don't you hear your mistress call? [*Pushes* PERTILLA *out, and exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Street before DON GASPAR'S *House.—Night.*

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL *and* MIGUEL.

Don Chr. Ay, this is the temple of my divinity. I must take another look at it before I go home to bed, that I may have it more perfectly in my dreams. What a blockhead was I to forget my guitar!

Mig. I have a Jews-harp here in my pocket, if your Honor can make any thing of it.

Don Chr. Ha! a light in that room! The shadow of a woman too! if it should be her!

Mig. If the shadow of a woman throws my master into such raptures, Lord have mercy on him, should he see the substance!

Don Chr. Faith! I'll try to draw her attention —[*Throws a pebble at the window.*]—Some one approaches—egad! it opens! [PERTILLA *opens the window, and lowers a rope ladder.*] Hey, what's this! a ladder! it is, by Jupiter! So—so—here's something going on. I'll mount, by the powers! fortune favors the brave—up I go! [*Exit in at the window.*

Mig. Egad! he has mounted the ladder sure enough, and ten to one but gets turn'd off. Well, before I'd venture my neck for a woman, I'd see the whole sex in the Red Sea.—Hey! who the deuce have we here? Another of your ladder gentry, I'll be bound. You're too late, my friend; all full—no room inside—you must be content to be an outside passenger. Softly, tho'.

[*Retires.*

Enter DON DAPHNIS, *(a Handerchief tied over his Head, and wrapt up to a ridiculous extreme,) and several Serenaders.*

Don Daph. This way, Senors, this way. I protest the air is chilly, tho' I have two cloaks and immoderate love to keep me warm. Senors, are you tun'd?

Fiddlers. Yes, your Honour.

Don Daph. Then cock your bows, present fiddles, and fire away. [*A short Sympony play'd.*] I wonder if my angel heard it. Who knows but that she

may be peeping at me behind the window curtain. I'll—hey! what's here?

Mig. [*Looking out.*] The deuce take him!

Don Daph. A rope-ladder!

Mig. I wish 'twas round your neck.

Don Daph. There must be some design on foot—perhaps to rob the house. Yes, yes, there must be something—I'll alarm the family.

Mig. Will you so? Then, egad, I have nothing for it but to assist you. [*Runs on exclaiming.*] Murder! Murder! Thieves! Watch! ho! Murder!

Don Daph. Lord have mercy on us! What's the matter?

Mig. The matter! Murder! Murder! Murder! You've made a mummy of me, sacrificed every bone in my body, and dislocated all my muscles. [*Collars him.*]

Don Daph. Holla! Watch! ho! Murder! murder!

Mig. Murder! murder!

Enter Six of the WATCH.

1st Watch. Who cries murder there?

Mig. } [*Both speak together.*] Here! here!
Don Daph. }

1st Watch. Where's the villain?

Mig. Here, I have got hold of him.

Don Daph. St. Peter and the Saints preserve me!

1st Watch. [*Holds up his lanthorn to* DON DAPHNIS.] What, master, are you nabb'd? Ay, ay! I know you for all your disguise.

Don Daph. Mercy on us!

1st Watch. Call up Don Gaspar—he's corregidor. [*2nd Watch knocks at* DON GASPAR'S *door.*] Is your worship much hurt? [*To Mig.*]

Mig. I'm more frighten'd than hurt, I believe.

Don Daph. Santa Maria! what a rascal!

1st Watch. Send for a priest, he's a-going to confess.

[Don Gaspar *looks out of a window.*]

Don Gas. Who dares to make a disturbance at this time of night? Some gentlemen of the University, I suppose. Go home to your beds, young men, go home to your beds. Fie! fie! you ought to be asham'd of yourselves.

1st Watch. Please your worship, here's a murder committed.

Don Gas. A murder! bless my soul! Where's the murder'd person?

Mig. Here I am, please your worship.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, I beseech you not to believe him.

Don Gas. Who is it that speaks?

Mig. Please your worship, it's Martin Vega, who broke open the cobler's stall the other night, and stole the poor man's awl, and a gentleman's sole that was heeling.

Don Daph. 'Tis false, Don Gaspar, 'tis false. I protest I am an honest gentleman of Gallicia, baptiz'd and known by the name of Pedro Fernando Diego Daphnis. Having succeeded lately to some property left me by my uncle Perez Zambulo, who was the King's *Stanhero*, so please your worship, I am come to Salamanca to study natural philosophy, as your worship may be further certified of by applying to Pedro Allum, the baker in the *Calle Mayor*, where I lodge.

Don Gas. Wait there till I come down.

[*Exit from the window.*

Mig. Come, my friend, you had better confess at once, it will save a vast deal of trouble; and if, as

you say, you're a gentleman, you'll show your breeding by civilly complying.

Don Daph. Rascal!

1*st Watch.* Why, look'ye masters, as I take it, it a'n't against law for one gentleman to murder another, that is, as I may say, in a gentlemanly way.

Enter DON GASPAR, *disorderly dreast.*

Clear the way for his worship.

Don Gas. Where are the parties?

1*st Watch.* An't like your worship, that's the gentleman as complains of being murder'd.

Mig. No, Senor I don't complain of being murder'd. If I had met with any damage, I should look on it as honourably and meritoriously obtain'd in defence of your worship's property.

Don Gas. Ha! What do you mean, Senor?

Mig. My head is so bamboozled, and my ideas stir'd up, that your worship will excuse my not being clear.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, I beseech you not to listen to him.

Don Gas. Peace!

1*st Watch.* Silence in the Court!

Mig. About one o'clock this morning [no, I'm wrong, it couldn't be above half past twelve], as my master and I were going soberly home, we saw three men attempting to break into your worship's house.

Don Gas. Bless my soul! to break into the house!

Don Daph. What will become of me!

1*st Watch.* Truly your worship will be hung; Flat burglary by the mass!

Don Gas. Peace there, peace! Proceed, Senor.

Mig. This fellow here—

Don Daph. How, rascal! will you dare—

Don Gas. Stop his mouth.

Mig. I say this fellow here, disguis'd as your worship observes.

Don Gas. Ay, ay—his very appearance condemns him.

Don Daph. Holy Saints!

Mig. He had just fix'd a rope-ladder against a window;—your worship may see it there still.

Don Gas. Preserve us! so there is, indeed! Nay—that's incontrovertible.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar! Don Gaspar!

Don Gas. Stop his mouth, I say.

Mig. He was just mounting when my master, drawing his sword, rush'd forward and pluck'd him down. Thereupon the two others set upon my master, and I set upon them, till my master being hard press'd, ran up the ladder and shelter'd himself in that room.

Don Gas. In that room! why zounds! that's my daughter's.

Mig. Well, there he is, depend upon it your worship, or may I be pillored for perjury. But now the storm's over, I'll let him know he may come our of port. Don Christoval! Don Christoval! Senor! Senor! Master! Senor! Ah! he's afraid to appear.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, on the word of an honest man, this is all a trick.

Don Gas. That we shall soon see.—Here, Angelica! Angelica! daughter Angelica! [ANGELICA *appears at the window.*] Angelica! where is the gentleman who got in at the window?

Donna Ang. The gentleman, sir! what do you mean?

Don Daph. Ay—ay—you see now.—Blessings on her!

Don Gas. I know the whole story—don't be

afraid, there's no danger now—desire him to come down.

Mig. Ay, ay—Senora—my master may come down now—the coast is clear.

Donna Ang. You seem, sir, to have little value for your daughter's reputation, by this public accusal. You must excuse me if I decline exhibiting myself.

[*She leaves the window.*

Mig. [*Aside.*] Curse the jade! she's an old hand at it.

Don Daph. You see, Don Gaspar, you see.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Don Alon. What can this be?

Don Gas. I feel stagger'd, I must own. Allow me to ask you a question or two.

Don Alon. A crowd at this time of night! Don Gaspar too! Ha! what, Miguel!

Mig. Ah! what Don Alonzo—is it you? Oh! sir, you are come by in the very nick of time.

Don Alon. What is the matter?

Mig. My master, sir, has got into a scrape.

Don Alon. Where is he?

Mig. In that room, sir.

Don Alon. Ha! in that room!

Mig. Hush! hush! I beg of you. An intrigue sir, that's it. You know my master pretty well, I believe, sir. The old fellow has got scent of it, and I want to get him off snugly.

Don Alon. Then she's false. Deceitful—perjur'd—abandon'd woman!

Mig. Hey day!

Don Gas. I don't know what to make of it. [To Miguel.] You see, Senor, my daughter denies his being there.

Don Alon. Sir, you are deceived—your daughter deceives you. She is deception itself.

Don Gas. Hey! Pray, sir, who are you?

Don Alon. The most wretched being on the face of the earth.

Don Gas. Some madman!

Don Alon. Sir, I will be candid with you. You thought by the sternness of authority and rigid care to shackle the inclinations of your daughter. Your precautions have been vain. I would to Heaven you had been doubly vigilant. But I renounce her—I throw her off—I have done with her for ever. Take her—keep her; let your walls be rock, and your doors iron—guard her as you would your gold, and then you may chance to preserve her constant and dutiful.— [*Exit.*

Mig. Mad! Mad!

Don Gas. Some poor creature escap'd from his keepers. There is a mystery hangs over this affair. Gentlemen, till this matter is properly investigated, I must be under the necessity of detaining you.

Don Daph. Sir, I have no objection, so that I can be conveniently accommodated for the night. I am somewhat subject to the rheumatism, and don't like changing my bed.

Mig. Certainly, your worship, the affair does look rather suspicious, I must confess; but the fact is as I say. Here—ay—here stood the rogues—I could make oath to their footsteps. There, as it might be, stood my master. My master, as I said before, runs up the ladder, and left me to be pummell'd; but I, roaring out murder—you, Mr. Watch, can bear me out there.

1st Watch. The gentleman speaks truth, your worship. Ay, Senor, I can make oath you said you were murder'd.

Mig. You say right, my honest friend. I, roaring out murder, comes up suddenly, *thus*, to this villain [*To* Don Daphnis]—trips him up, *thus*, whereupon the rest ran away—*thus*. [*Runs off.*

Don Daph. Oh! Lord! oh! Lord!

Don Gas. Mercy on us! What, is he gone? Pursue the rascal—pursue him there. [2*d* Watch *exit.*] Are you hurt, my good friend?

Don Daph. Oh! Lord! oh! I believe my back is broke. [*the Watch assist him to rise.*]—Softly, kind gentlemen, softly.

1*st Watch.* Ay! marry, your worship must be hurt indeed, for he has knock'd out a whole row of your teeth.

Don Daph. Where are they?—where are they? —I was afraid the rascal had pick'd my mouth of them.

Don Gas. Senor, I think I may trust you at large; but, if your deposition is requir'd, I shall expect your appearance. See the gentleman home, watchmen. [*Exit into house.*

Don Daph. I thank your worship.—If ever I go a serenading again, may I be——softly, gentlemen, softly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Don Gaspar's *House.*

Enter Angelica, Don Christoval, *and* Pertilla.

Per. It is impossible, Ma'am, for the gentleman to return the way he came.

Don Chr. Pray, Madam, dispose of me as you think fit. I value not my safety, so that your reputation be not injur'd.

Per. There is no chance but thro' the garden.

Donna Ang. Run then, and see if the way is clear. —[*Exit* PERTILLA.] As you have professed yourself a gentleman, sir, and declare this singular intruision to be owing to mistake, I have sav'd you from a discovery which might involve us both in difficulty.

Don Chr. Madam, I would make thousand acknowledgments for your kindness, if I had time. As to apologies, upon my soul I can't express a regret, I don't feel, for, to say the truth, I was never better pleas'd with a disappointment in my life.

Donna Ang. Hold, sir, do not presume on my lenity. If you conceive lightly of me from the manner you obtain'd admission, be assur'd you wrong me. Could I unfold myself to you, I am sure you would confess it; but I must rely on your honor—and, as I have admitted your professions, consider myself entitled to the same credit.

Don Chr. May I never again be cheer'd by the sweet smile of a woman, if I libel you in word, thought, or deed. No, Madam, I swear by this fair hand——

Enter PERTILLA.

Per. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! the whole house is rous'd. Don Gaspar is coming up—

Donna Ang. What shall I do?

Don Chr. Cram me neck and heels into a work-box—poke me into a lute case—do what you will with me.

Per. Here, sir, here;—step into this closet awhile. If we can but get the old gentleman away, the street will be quiet soon, and you may then escape.

[DON CHRISTOVAL *retires.*

Donna Ang. How unfortunate! Should Alonzo come too!

Enter DON GASPAR.

Don Gas. This must be seen into—I'm afraid there's something in it at the bottom.——Why, how now, girl—

Per. Oh! Sir—is it you?

Enter AMINTA.

Donna Am. Bless me! Sir!—what is going on to night? One would think all the families in the street had been seiz'd with a *party spirit.* What is it, sir—a rout or an earthquake? I never heard such a racket in my life.

Don Gas. A racket, indeed! First comes a squalling fool breaking other people's rest to procure his own, by a soft appeal to some snoring jade.

Donna Am. I suppose the lady look'd out and kill'd him, for I heard *murder* cried.

Don Gas. Ay, and they say the body is here, so I'm come on an inquest.

Donna Am. Hey!

Don Gas. [*to* ANGELICA.] What say you to the charge, Madam?

Donna Ang. What charge, sir?

Don Gas. What charge! Why, harbouring a young fellow.

Donna Ang. Sir!

Donna Am. so, so.

Per. Harbouring a young fellow, sir! do you suppose my mistress would be guilty of such a thing?

Donna Am. Who spoke to you, Mrs. Pert? Answer when you're question'd.

Per. Excuse me, Ma'am—I must be allow'd to speak—my character is concern'd as well as my mistress's.

Don Gas. Your character, you jade! Who question'd your character? Can't one talk of a young fellow, without your thinking of losing your—— character?

Donna Am. Well, but, sir, what do you mean?

Don Gas. Zounds! I scarce know what I mean —there's so much contradiction. I believe I've been asleep, and dreaming.

Donna Am. Then pray relate your dream, sir; possibly I may help you to an interpretation.

Donna Ang. Sir, I beg you will let me know of what you suspect me.

Per. Yes, sir, I beg you will let us know.

Don Am. Yes, sir, pray let us know.

Don Gas. Why, hearing a riot in the street just now, I got up to enquire the cause. When a gentleman's servant swore, that as he and his master were passing by, they saw three fellows attempting to break into the house.

Donna Am. To break into the house.

Per. [*aside*] What's all this?

Don Gas. The gentleman——I think the fellow call'd his master Don Christoval.

Donna Am. Don Christoval!

Per. [*aside*] Don Christoval!

Don Gas. He said they had been attacked by thieves; but at last, being overpower'd by numbers, the master skipt up a rope ladder, which the rogues had fix'd in Angelica's window—

Donna Am. Ay—which the *rogues* had fix'd to Angelica's window.

Don Gas. Yes—and took shelter in her bedchamber.

Donna Am. Took shelter in her bedchamber! Poor gentleman! hard press'd, indeed!

Per. [*aside to* ANGELICA.] Stand it out bluff, Ma'am. This is only a manœuvre of their's.

Don Gas. This is one side of the story.

Donna Am. Ay—this is *one* side of the story.

Don Gas. The fellow had the audacity to charge a respectable old gentleman with being one of the gang—but I suspect he was a rogue himself.

Per. No doubt of it, sir; the fellow told you a parcel of lies.

Donna Ang. Not a word of truth, sir, I assure you.

Donna Am. Not a word, I'll engage. It's my belief, sir, there's one of the rogues in the house now.

Don Gas. Hey!

Donna Ang. What do you mean, Aminta?

Donna Am. Mean, Madam!—I leave you to guess.

Don Gas. Why what—

Donna Ang. I don't understand your insinuations.

Per. Nor I—I protest. Ma'am, if you suspect me, I beg you'll speak out. I'm prepared for any investigation you please.

Donna Am. No doubt of it.

Per. No doubt of it, Ma'am! No, there is no doubt of it. My character will bear enquiry, as well as my mistress's. Harbouring young fellows, indeed! sir, I beg the favor of you to search the house directly—begin at the cellars, and go up to the garrets.

Don Gas. Hang me, if I know what to think, I'm so bamboozled with their different stories. But I'll come to the bottom of it, I'm determin'd.

Donna Am. I believe, sir, you may soon do that—you'll not be out of breath with diving.

Don Gas. What do you mean—eh?

Donna Ang. Yes, sir, ask her what she means.

Per. Yes, sir, ask her what she means.

Donna Am. You had better not be so curious, cousin.

Donna Ang. Say what you please, Madam, I am conscious of my innocence.

Per. Yes, Ma'am, my mistress——

Donna Am. Hold your tongue, impudence.

Per. [*Aside.*] Malicious toad!

Don Gas. Well—well, but what——

Donna Am. Sir, I should consider myself criminal if I were to be silent. I am sorry to be oblig'd to speak; but I owe it to you, to myself, and even to my cousin here, to disclose all I know.

Don Gas. Aminta, I thank you for your kind concern for me and my family.* Never mind her—let me know every thing.

Donna Am. Nay, sir, I can't say I know much—my cousin has been pleas'd to deny me her confidence—but accident threw into my hands a few hours ago a knowledge of her secrets, which this letter has betray'd—and I am apt to think it will throw some light on what has just occurr'd.

Per. [*Aside.*] My letter—as I live!

Donna Ang. [*Aside.*] What can this be?

Don Gas. Oh! the jade! So, mistress, you are discovered at last.

Donna Ang. Discover'd, sir!

Don Gas. It won't do to face it out. Who is this Don Christoval,—Who is he, I say?

Donna Ang. Don Christoval, sir! I don't know such a person.

Donna Am. Oh! Lord! oh! Lord!

Don Gas. Not know him! what I suppose you mean to deny this letter too?

Donna Ang. I never saw the letter before, sir, I assure you.

Donna Am. Well, this exceeds every thing!

Don Gas. Here's a brazen-fac'd baggage for you! why you—

Per. I can be silent no longer—I can't bear to see her suffer wrongfully. She says right, sir, she does indeed—she never saw the letter before.

Don Gas. Never saw it before!

Donna Am. And pray, Madam, how came you to be so well acquainted with the letter?

Per. Because Ma'am it's my property.

Don Gas. Her property!

Donna Am. You see, sir, you see. It is vain to contend with such able logicians. It seems, sir, we are in the wrong—the letter is directed to her—yes, yes—we are in the wrong.

Don Gas. Ay, ay—they are in league I see. This bungling tho' shows they are not much accustomed to intriguing. An't you asham'd of yourself, you jade, you who are a chambermaid, to be so awkward your business? And you, Madam, [*to Ang.*] since your memory is bad, I'll give you time to recollect yourself. I'll lock you up beyond the reach of your gallants—perhaps to-morrow your memory may be clearer.

Donna Ang. Sir, you will find—

Don Gas. Ay, ay, Madam, and you will find too. March—march—I'll see you safe deposited where no rake, unless he gets a ladder as long as Jacob's, shall be able to get at you. And you, Mrs. Pert, go to your chamber, I shall talk with you too again, and mind, don't attempt to go near your mistress without my permission. March—march, you jade, you.

[*Exeunt* DON GAS. & DONNA ANG.

Donna Am. Pertilla!

Per. Yes, Ma'am.

Donna Am. Come here, Pertilla.—Pertilla, I am greatly shock'd to find such impropriety in your mistress's behaviour.

Per. Pray, Ma'am, don't distress yourself, for I

can assure you my mistress is as well conducted a lady as any in Salamanca.

Donna Am. Let me tell you, Pertilla, you are not doing any kindness in concealing your mistress's conduct.

Per. So I think, Ma'am, and that makes me always speak in her praise. [*Aside.*] An artful thing!

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] A cunning gipsey! She has too good a place in perquisites to betray any thing.

Per. Shall I light you to your chamber, Ma'am?

Donna Am. I don't require your attendance.

Per. [*Aside.*] I wish I could get her away.—Won't you go to bed, Ma'am, now?

Donna Am. I shall go to bed when I please. I have told you already I don't want you.

Per. Yes, Ma'am, but I thought—

Donna Am. Don't trouble me with your thoughts. I desire you to leave me.

Per. [*Aside.*] Perverse creature! [*fidgets about.*

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] I wont go as she's anxious to get me away—she has some reason for it no doubt. ——I thought I told you to go?

Per. Yes, Ma'am. [*Aside.*] I'll secure him, however, for fear of accidents.

[*Locks the closet door, takes the key and exit.*

Donna Am. What made her lock that door? I'm sure something is going on. [*Goes to the door.*] I'm certain of it. They shan't escape detection tho'. [*Tries the door.*] Yes—it is fast.

Don Chr. [*Within.*] Is all safe.

Donna Am. Ha! a man's voice! So! so!—Hist! hist! Senor?

Don Chr. Is all safe?

Donna Am. I should know that voice! Don Christoval's—

Don Chr. The door is fast. [PERTILLA *looks in.*

Donna Am. I have lost the key—try if you can slip the lock.

Don Chr. I think I can—I'll try, however.

Donna Am. I'll confront him, and tax him with his inconstancy.

Don Chr. Ay! there it is.

[*As the door opens* PERTILLA *blows out the light.*

Where are you?

Donna Am. Who's that? Bless me! what shall I do? Don Gaspar! Don Gaspar! Uncle! Uncle!

[PERTILLA *runs to* DON CHRISTOVAL *as he enters —leads him out—returns, and exit.*

I shall die with fear! Will no one come? Thieves! thieves! Don Gaspar! Don Gaspar!

Enter DON GASPAR, GERONIMO, *and* SERVANTS, *with lights.*

Don Gas. Bless us all! What's the matter?

Donna Am. Oh! Sir—I am ready to expire with fright—a man has just broke out of that closet.

Don Gas. A man! Ha! search every nook—we'll soon find who it is.

[GER. *and* SERVANTS *exeunt different ways.*

Donna Am. This is your daughter, sir, who knows nothing of the world.

Don Gas. The jade! I have been too mild—too indulgent with her.

Re-enter GERONIMO, *&c.*

Have you found him?

Ger. No, your worship, he was too nimble for us. He escap'd out of the window.

Donna Am. He must be well acquainted with the place to make his retreat so ably.

Don Gas. He shall find it not so easy to return, tho'! Curse these young chaps, I shall not be able to get a wink of sleep to night. Geronimo, examine the house carefully, and then bring me a pipe to my chamber. [*Exit.*

Ger. Yes, your worship. [*Aside.*] It must be some poacher, for he's not licens'd by me.

[*Exeunt* GER. *and* SERVANTS.

Donna Am. I'll be satisfied whether this was him, I'm determin'd. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter DON ALONZO *and* PERTILLA.

Per. Nay, sir, but will you listen to reason?

Don Alon. Have I not my senses perfect? can I not see—can I not hear?

Per. Upon my word, sir, I have some doubts of it. I have been a full quarter of an hour telling you a plain matter of fact story, and all I can say makes no impression on you.

Don Alon. No, no, return to your mistress; tell her I have had full evidence of her guilt; I disclaim her—I give her up for ever.

Per. Dear, dear Don Alonzo; on my knees let me intreat you not to persist in this madness.

Don Alon. I would, Pertilla, my eyes had never been open'd.

Per. I take Heaven to witness—

Don Alon. Pertilla, Pertilla, your attachment to your mistress carries you too far.

Per. May I never stir from this spot if—

Don Alon. Pray let me have no more of this.

Per. And you won't hear me?

Don Alon. No—no.

Per. [*Suddenly rising.*] Then you're a barbarous unfeeling monster! I see how it is—you're tir'd of your wife, and you want to get rid of her—you do—I see you do. You're a brute—I can call you nothing else—you are—you are—But 'tis the way with you all—I'll never trust a man again as long as I live. [*Going.*

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] I like this ebullition of feeling.—Here, Pertilla!

Per. Well, what do you want?

Don Alon. Your affection for your mistress, however undeserving she might be, pleases me greatly. Here, take this purse—it is a poor acknowledgment of my feeling. Tho' participating, in your mistress's guilt, I like your fidelity to her.

Per. Do you, sir? Then I'll take care not to offend you—take your trash—I scorn it as much as I do yourself. [*Exit.*

Don Alon. Surely the girl would never be so outrageous in the defence of her mistress if there were not grounds for her exculpation. Psha! these women are so full of artifice. Yet if the story should be true! I have done wrong to refuse to see her—I have acted too hastily.—No—on reflection I have done right. At least she must be guilty of levity, and this expression of my resentment will teach her to regulate her conduct in future. Yet may it not rather tend to put her on her guard? yes—I have acted too hastily—I should have avoided extremes.

Enter Don Christoval.

Don Chr. Ha! Alonzo!

Don Alon. He here!

Don Chr. Why, how now, Don, you seem serious? Are you moralizing on the death of a fly or an Emperor, the changes of a caterpillar, or of fortune?

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] Let me be cool—I'll learn the truth before I arraign him. I beg your pardon, you were observing something.

Don Chr. Yes—observing *you.* Upon my soul you're grown a queer fellow of late. Why zounds! you used to be the soul of a party, but now, so far from being the soul of any thing, you seem as if you wanted one yourself. For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, don't run into the folly of appearing wise.

Don Alon. It is a folly you will never be guilty of. I heard of your adventure last night, sir.

Don Chr. Ay! faith—I was near caught.

Don Alon. Well, Sir, how do you like Donna Angelica on better acquaintance?

Don Chr. Better acquaintance?

Don Alon. Ay—sir, your man Miguel—

Don Chr. Psha! he's a blockhead. No, sir, it was not her I saw.

Don Alon. Not her?

Don Chr. No.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] Plain enough, she has tutor'd him.

Don Chr. I suppose it might be her sister or her cousin.

Don Alon. [*Aside.*] Her sister or her cousin! yes, yes—they have agreed on this.

Don Chr. But whoever she is, she's a devilish fine girl, and I don't know but I might have been tempted to be rude, if that cursed *fracas* hadn't oblig'd me to go off.—Hey! can that be—yes, egad it is—ex-

cuse me a moment, will you?—There's a young fellow I want to speak with. [*Exit.*

Don Alon. He is alarm'd, and has broke away to avoid my questioning. It is indeed too clear. Pertilla, in the warmth of her temper, has disclosed more than they meant me to know, and their clashing evidence affords the clearest proof of the fact.

Enter a MAN *with a Letter.*

Man. That's he as the lady pointed out, I think. Pray sir, ben't your honour Don Christoval d'Olvredo?

Don Alon Christoval d'Olvredo?

Man. A lady in the street axed me to give you this here, if so be that you be.

Don Alon. Let me see it—A woman's hand! yes—yes.

Man. Oh! then my humble service to your honor. [*Exit.*

Don Alon. It is not her hand, but how easy is it to feign. Yet, now I look at it, there is something similar; pray, my friend—ha! is he gone? What can I do? shall I be the courier to her intrigues—tamely hand over to a rival the declaration of my ruin? [*As he speaks he opens the letter.*] Shall I—what have I done? Psha! I carry my delicacy too far—my situation warrants the breach. Ha! it is! it is—oh! faithless—faithless woman! [Reads.] *If the danger you incurr'd last night has not cool'd your courage, meet me to-night at the gate leading to the garden.* Abandon'd creature! lost to every sense of feeling and propriety. What treachery in nature, to hide such deformity under so engaging an exterior! The tender, the diffident Angelica to be thus bold and intemperate! I'll strip her of the veil that shrouds her vices—yes, once more I'll see her

—she shall meet a lover of a different temper than she expects—false—perjur'd—worthless—abandon'd woman! [*Exit.*

Enter AMINTA.

I hope the man gave him the letter. I am sure it was him. I shall be able now to determine whether he has really met Angelica. Ha! bless me!—there he is again—coming this way too. [*Puts down her veil.*] He sees me. What shall I do? It would look odd to hurry away as if I wanted to attract his notice by my fears.

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Her figure, I'll swear.

Donna Am. There will be more propriety in staying.

Don Chr. Pray, Madam, can you be so obliging as to direct me to—

Donna Am. No, Sir, I can't indeed.

Don Chr. [*Aside.*] Egad, it is—Yes Madam, you can. You stand like a sign post on the road to happiness, and whoever looks at you must know the way.

Donna Am. Psha!

Don Chr. If the simile is a bad one, Madam, 'tis no wonder. My mind is so concentrated just now, that it cannot send its faculties abroad for comparisons. [*Endeavours to take her hand.*

Donna Am. Sir, this is a freedom I cannot allow.

Don Chr. Nay, now my dear Donna Angelica.

Donna Am. Sir! Donna Angelica!

Don Chr. Ay, you see I have got your name. [*Aside.*] She can't have got the letter, surely, by her surprise.

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] It is impossible he can mistake me—I'll prove it however. [*Lifts her veil.*]

Let me undeceive you, sir, that you may no longer squander your speeches.

Don Chr. True, Madam, for now I can use no faculty but sight.

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] Does he jest?

Don Gaspar *enters behind.*

Don Chr. Thou fairest object that I ever view'd—

Donna Am. So the charm is broken?

Don Chr. No, Madam, but the sentiment having been confin'd in my bosom ever since I first beheld you, took the opportunity of my tongue being at leisure to make its escape. Yes, thou charming—

Donna Am. Softly, sir, softly, you are too forward. I have some preliminary questions to demand.

Don Chr. As to my forwardness, Madam, the magnet might with equal propriety censure the steel. Ceremony was only invented to conceal insincerity; indifference keeps within it, while true feeling overleaps it.

Donna Am. By that rule then you would have shown more gallantry in taking no notice of me.

Don Gas. [*comes forward.*] I am entirely of your opinion. Madam.

Donna Am. Ah!

Don Gas. I beg Madam, you won't be alarm'd, I am not going to use any ceremony.—Pray, sir, will you allow me to ask who the devil you are?

Don Chr. Who am I, sir?

Don Gas. Yes, Sir, who are you, sir?

Don Chr. Sir, I am——your most obedient. [*Exit.*

Don Gas. An impudent puppy! [*Looking after him.*

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] How unlucky! just when I had an opportunity.

Don Gas. So, Madam, you are philosophically inclin'd, and hold conversaziones in the street with the students? Zounds! what an intriguing set are these woman!

Donna Am. Lord! sir—you have no idea how the man pursues me—there's no walking the streets for him—this is the third time I have met him.

Don Gas. Indeed!

Donna Am. Indeed.

Don Gas. An impudent rascal! I'll tell you how to prevent his troubling you again in the street.

Donna Am. How, pray?

Don Gas. Don't stir out.

Donna Am. Ah! a notable way truly!

Don Gas. To tell you the truth, Aminta, I think you go too much abroad. I don't like this gadding at all—it's not fit for a young woman like you to be always abroad.

Donna Am. Oh! lord! sir—I shouldn't live four and twenty hours if I was immur'd.

Don Gas. Why, what would you have done, you jade, had you been born in Turkey?

Donna Am. Why, if I couldn't have got out, I should have——staid in, and hit upon some expedient to bring the mountain to me, as I couldn't go to the mountain; just as the disconsolate Donna Hilaria Dolorosa contriv'd to amuse herself with her grief, when a report came that her husband was kill'd.

Don Gas. What did she do?

Donna Am. Shut herself up in a chamber with a *camera obscura*, and consol'd herself with observing the passengers as they cast up their eyes in compassion at the clos'd window shutters.

Don Gas. Ha! ha! a diverting scheme!

Donna Am. So it might have prov'd, but, while gazing at the figure of a cavalier prancing by, she

saw the shade of her husband cross the street and knock at the door.

Don Gas. Oh! Lord! it must have shock'd her very much.

Donna Am. Very much, indeed—she never recover'd the fright.

Don Gas. Ha! ha! but zounds! come along—here are some young fellows coming. The streets are cramm'd with a parcel of lounging puppies with faces smother'd in whiskers—come along—you're under my care at present, and I'll answer for no woman that's not either under my eye, or lock and key. What are you looking behind for? Come along—come along, I say. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DON DAPHNIS, *and a* BOY *with books.*

Don Daph. Hugh! hugh! the devil take damp nights, easterly winds, and assignations! Pedro!

Boy. Yes, your honor.

Don Daph. Where are the lozenges?

Boy. [*Offers a book.*] Here, your honor.

Don Daph. You blockhead—did I ask for logarithms? Oh! I have them about me. Hugh! hugh! I protest I shall be too late for the lecture. I must be more attentive to my studies, or I shall get reprimanded by my tutor.—Pedro.

Boy. Yes, your honor.

Don Daph. Where's my book of exercises?

Boy. I've forgot it, your honor.

Don Daph. You little blockhead, go about your business. [*Beast him off.*] I shall certainly have an imposition. My tutor says I'm too giddy, and don't pay attention to my studies—hugh! hugh! he calls me a hair-brain'd fellow—hugh! hugh!—he says I've too many pranks about me. I must take up—that's certain—hugh! hugh!

Enter GERONIMO.

Ger. Ay! there he is—I thought I heard his cough.

Don Daph. I shall be too late for the lecture.

Ger. Your worship! your worship!

Don Daph. Hey! who's that?

Ger. Senor Don Daphnis! Senor!

Don Daph. What, Geronimo?

Ger. I am glad I have met your worship. I was just coming.

Don Daph. Then you may go back again. Sir, I shall not be misled any more by your pander tricks. You ought to be asham'd of yourself—an old fellow like you to have to do with such things!

Ger. Good Lord! your worship.

Don Daph. I am not such a young hand as you take me for. This amour has cost me already some pistoles, besides a sciatica and a lumbago. I have determined to have nothing more to do with it.

Ger. Will your worship allow me to ask you one question?

Don Daph. Well, be quick then.

Ger. If your worship was running a race, would you give in just when you came in sight of the goal.

Don Daph. Yes—because being short sighted, I could'nt see it till it was close to my nose.

Ger. Ha! ha! your worship is a wag. A word in your worship's ear.

Don Daph. In the other one if you please, for I've a cold in my head.

Ger. My mistress has determined to run away from her father.

Don Daph. And so have I—from her.

Ger. But, your worship, she has bade me settle it all with you.

Don Daph. Eh?

Ger. Your worship must know that my master, Don Gaspar, has lock'd her up, and I am the only one trusted with the key. My young lady, fearful of her father's anger, has pray'd me to assist her escape. Now I have so plann'd that your worship shall meet her as a friend of mine, and convey her to the Convent della Trinita, where she would take refuge.

Don Daph. Is there no danger in the case? That father of hers is a confounded gruff old fellow.

Ger. Bless your worship, you may carry her off as easily as I could pocket a pistole.

Don Daph. Hum! I don't like your night rambling; besides, it looks prodigiously like rain.

Ger. As your worship pleases—I know a gentleman that—

Don Daph. You're sure there's no danger?

Ger. None in the world, your worship.

Don Daph. An affair of this kind will bring reputation. Well, Geronimo, I think I'll venture.

Ger. You have only to be about dusk at the garden gate—

Don Daph. Ay! ay! tell my fair angel I'll be with her—don't let it be after night fall, Geronimo, for the dews fall very heavy. Bless my soul! tho' —Tell my charmer her Knight shall not fail her—— I'm dying for her——tol de roll—toll de—hugh! hugh! [*Exeunt* Don Daphnis.

Ger. Dyiny for her! true—for you've got an asthma in her service already. So, this is arrang'd —ay! ay! leave me alone for plotting. My young mistress has been begging of me to let her escape to the Convent—the old Don and she may manage that as they please—I satisfy both parties, and do an act of kindness. Pertilla's affair comes on next, and this letter I trust will settle it. Oh! here comes my friend Miguel.

Enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Ha! old gentleman—whither tottering, to vespers or the vintners?

Ger. Ah! Senor Miguel, you must always have your joke. Well—well. I love one myself, and have crack'd a few in my time.

Mig. Ay! your jokes are generally cracked, and won't hold together.

Ger. Ha! ha! you are merry, Senor, you are merry.

Mig. Yes I've been buying some mirth, and have half paid for it.

Ger. Half paid for it!

Mig. Ay—I got a flask of wine from a vinter, and paid him for it, and I shall get into a scrape presently, and pay for it again. But I say, my old cock, have you got us an answer yet?

Ger. Truly, your master is an impatient lover. I have been looking for you all day.

Mig. What to give it me?

Ger. Why I've known in that time half a ream of letters written and answered.

Mig. [*aside.*] I must proceed *socratically* I see—the common way won't do.——Pray, Senor Geronimo, allow me to ask you a question or two.

Ger. Well, Senor.

Mig. Do you know if your mistress has been writing a letter to day?

Ger. Yes.

Mig. So.——Who was it to?

Ger. To your master.

Mig. Very well, I get on.—Who did she give it to?

Ger. To me.

Mig. That's right. And pray where is it?

Ger. Here. [*Gives a letter.*

Mig. Socrates, I thank thee!—This shows the benefit of learning, I should never have got the letter from him if I hadn't known logic.

Enter Don Christoval.

Don Chr. Why, Miguel, where the deuce have you been?

Mig. Oh! sir, is it you? [*To* Geronimo.] Pull off your hat—pull off your hat and make one of your best bows,——sir, I have the honor to present to you, Senor Geronimo Babosillo, Secretary for home affairs to Don Gaspar de Souza, one very much at your honor's service, and who is highly ambitious of being distinguish'd by your favor.

Ger. Your worship's to command.

Don Chr. Senor Geronimo, I am much your debtor, pray do me the favour to accept a small recompense. [*Gives money.*

Ger. I humbly thank your worship, and wish your worship a very good day.——[*Aside.*] He'll make a charming son-in-law. I'll pay him back his own money for a portion. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. A letter from her! yes—*Angelica de Souza.* She was too modest to speak her sentiments. Um! let's see [*reads.*] *The garden gate to-night.*—so, so—compliant enough. Faith! this angel of mine is a woman. "Trust your honor," yes, yes—to be sure. "And tho' you may"——[Miguel, *during the above, follows his master's motions, and pries familiarly over his shoulder.* Don Christoval *here turns and sees him.*] Your servant, sir. Pray what may your opinion be of this letter?

Mig. Why, truly, sir, since you ask me I must be allow'd to say, I think she who wrote it is, as you observe, devilish easy.

Don Chr. So then, you impudent rascal, you have read it. [*Draws his sword.*

Mig. I read it! good Lord!

Don Chr. Kneel down, sir, this moment.

Mig. Sir, I'm shortsighted and couldn't see a word of it.

Don Chr. Kneel down, I say.

Mig. Oh! Lord, sir! you won't be so barbarous? There—there—pray be calm, your honor. Oh! Lord! oh! Lord!

Don Chr. Swear, sir, that you will never betray any thing you have heard or seen, to injure the reputation of her who wrote this letter.

Mig. I do sir, I do. I'll forget every word of it, I assure your honor.

Don Chr. If ever I find you divulge a syllable, I'll have no mercy, but make a martyr of you to the cause of curiosity. [*Exit.*

Mig. Phoo! this weather's as hot as the dog days. I never was in such a stew in my life. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DON GASPAR'S *House.*

Enter ANGELICA, GERONIMO, *and* PERTILLA.

Ger. My master is out just now, so you may have a little longer talk together.

Donna Ang. Well, but Geronimo, have you considered my request?

Ger. Yes, my lady, I hav'nt the heart to refuse you. I have settled it all. A friend of mine, an elderly man, is to meet you in about an hour hence at the garden gate, and will convey you to the convent. I shall be ready to let you out, if possible.

The worst of it is, he is somewhat fond of tippling, and is then mightily given to strange fancies.

Donna Ang. I hope you caution'd him to be sober?

Ger. Oh! yes, my lady. But I must run down to be in the way, in case Don Gaspar should come,—[*To* PERTILLA *Aside.*] Your fortune's made, you jade. [*Exit.*

Per. Ah!——Upon my word, Ma'am, I can't but applaud your resolution—I didn't think you had so much spirit. Make your escape by all means; but as to your place of retreat, I don't much relish it, I must confess.

Donna Ang. Since Alonzo is false—every thing—every place is indifferent to me. A convent is the only sanctuary I can fly to. Within its holy walls I shall be secure from every disturber—except memory.

Per. Ah! the best of it is, you never see those false perjur'd wretches, men. But then, as you observe, Ma'am, one will be apt to be disturbed by the thoughts of them sometimes. For my part, tho' I should dislike nothing so much in a convent as their odd dresses, I'm sure I never saw any thing so unbecoming. One would think such a number of women shut up together might set their heads to work, and contrive something better than those queer out of the way things.

Donna Ang. Heigho!

Per. Don't be cast down, Ma'am—things may turn out better yet, than burying oneself alive. No—no—I'm sure I'll never suffer you to commit such a sin—I hope to be able to prevent it.

Donna Ang. You!

Per. Hem! I say nothing, but if ever it should happen—I say, if ever it *should happen*, Ma'am, that I have it in my power——

Don Gas. [*Without.*] No—no—I'll go myself.

Donna Ang. Heavens! my father! fly, Pertilla, before he sees you.

Per. I fly! No, indeed, Ma'am, you must excuse me. Let him come—I'm only doing my duty, and I'm not afraid.

Enter DON GASPAR.

Don Gas. So Mistress, pray are you——heyday! Madam! [*To* PERTILLA.] you here? I thought I order'd you not to go near my daughter?

Per. Well, sir, suppose you did?

Don Gas. Suppose I did! Why, then, Madam, I expected to be obey'd.

Per. Why then, sir, you see you're mistaken. I was hired to wait on Donna Angelica, not on you.

Donna Ang. Fie! fie! Pertilla.

Don. Gas. What do you mean, you jade, by this language to me?

Per. [*Aside.*] Hang the old fellow! I don't mind him. I shall be above his anger soon, and I'll speak my mind freely.

Don Gas. Answer me, I say. What do you mean by this style of speaking?

Per. Sir, my style of speaking is sufficiently intelligible. I spoke plain purposely, that I might not be above the level of your capacity.

Donna Ang. Pertilla!

Don Gas. You saucy jade!—you impudent baggage!—zounds! if it wasn't that you wore petticoats, I'd knock you down.

Donna Ang. Pray, sir, forbear.—Pertilla, I am surpris'd at you.

Per. O! Ma'am, I thank you, I want neither ally nor mediator. I like to see old men in a passion—it circulates their blood, and does them a vast deal

of good. As to my petticoats, sir, they shan't prevent your magnanimous designs, for I'm a follower of the fashions, and wear none.

Don Gas. Hussey! hussey! hussey!

Donna Ang. Sir, I beg of you not to mind her.

Per. Yes, yes, sir I beg you won't mind me, and then we shall be on an equal footing.

Don Gas. I shall choak. Get out of my house, hussey, get out of my house.

Per. I intended it, sir, in another hour, but, to oblige you, I'll go sooner.

Don Gas. Out of my house, Jezebel, impudence personified.

Per. Ma'am, I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you——

Don Gas. No parleying, hussey, no parleying. Out this moment.

Per. Sir, your servant.

Don Gas. Oh! Madam, I shan't part with you, till you're fairly out.

Per. Sir, I beg you will not give yourself this trouble.

Don Gas. Away, you saucy jade, you paragon of chambermaids.

Per. Ha! ha! ha!——

[*Exit*—Don Gaspar *following in a rage.*

Donna Ang. This behaviour of Pertilla's is so strange, she certainly must have some design in it. Yes—it must be so. She may perhaps have drawn him off, to favor my escape. The passages are all open; it is a favorable moment, and I fear my father may be instigated by his rage to confine me more closely. My heart almost fails me, but if I hesitate, I may be lost. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden Wall and Gate.—Night.

Enter DON ALONZO.

'Tis about the time.—Night throws her veil over the face of nature, and shields crime and riot from the daunting light of Heaven. What folly is it to run myself thus on the stake! Why do I seek what will only render me miserable? Yet the assurance of my wretchedness will confer a partial happiness. Oh! Angelica! Angelica! object of my earliest wishes, my latest sighs; with what transport have I hail'd the moment of our meeting, and, now, alas! I tremble at every footstep, lest it should be thine. [*Music behind.*]—What was that?

[*Music is heard at a distance.*

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Hang the time, how it creeps! I'm sure all the clocks in Salamanca are too slow.

Don Alon. 'Tis Christoval!—He must be accustom'd to the haunt.

Don Chr. I'm always so confoundedly impatient—that's the worst of me.

Don Alon. The gate moves! Be still—be still, my heart! [ANGELICA *appears at the gate.*

Don Chr. 'Tis her, by Venus! Hist! hist! Senora!

Donna Ang. [*Comes forward.*] Is it you, Senor?

Don Alon. 'Tis her—'tis her! I am petrified—my blood is frozen.

Don Chr. Yes, my Angelica, 'tis I.

Donna Ang. Let us haste then.

Don Alon. [*Rushes forward.*] Stay—stay—perjur'd, abandon'd woman!

Donna Ang. Oh! Heavens!

Don Chr. Alonzo!

Don Alon. Stay, till you see the just resentment of an injur'd husband hurl'd on your paramour. [*Draws his sword.*

Donna Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo! for Heaven's sake forbear. You are deceived—you are deceived. [*Hangs on him.*

Don Alon. True—true—I am—I am deceived. Oh! Angelica! Angelica!

Don Chr. What can this mean? Why, Alonzo—

Don Alon. Ha! that voice rouses me. I will not be unmann'd. Away—away—thou specious sorceress. Guard yourself, sir.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Ang. What madness possesses you?

[Aminta *appears at the gate.*]

Don Chr. He has had a hard run upon his head, for he seems out of his wits.

Don Alon. Am I taunted—ridiculed! Unhand me, woman—[*Breaks from* Angelica] sir, you shall learn whether I be serious or not. [*Pushes at* Don Christoval—Aminta *rushes forward and holds him.*] Ha!

Don Chr. Say you so, then——

Donna Ang. [*Holds* Don Christoval.] Forbear, Senor, forbear, whoever you are—fly this moment. I retreat, I command you—fly.

Don Alon. No, Madam, no, your paramour shall not escape me— [*Struggles with both the women.*

Donna Amin. Fly, Senor, fly.

Don Chr. Ladies, I must beg to be excused—I can't fly, unless one of you angels carry me with you.

Don Alon. I am the sport of them. Well, sir, well —the women are your safeguards now, but I shall find a time——

Donna Ang. Stay, Alonzo. Will you not hear me?

Don Alon. Hear you! I have listen'd to you too long, insidious woman. This heart—this aching heart is my testimony, I have broke your chains secure as you might think them. Tho' lacerated with the struggle, and torn with wounds so deep seated, they never can be healed. Go—go—falsest of thy sex—impose on those who know thee not, I have done with thee for ever. [*Exit.*

Donna Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo! barbarian! This must be premeditated cruelty—Alonzo! Alonzo! [*Exit.*

Donna Am. Angelica! She is gone! What can this mean? Whither can she be fled?

Don Chr. Is it you, Madam?

Donna Am. For Heaven's sake, sir, fly after her and save her.

Don Chr. What, that other lady? Where, Madam, where? I know as little about her as you do. All I know is, I know nothing.

Donna Am. You can be no gentleman, sir, to refuse assistance in this extremity. I'll fly myself rather——

Don Chr. Oh! Oh! for mercy's sake, Madam, don't leave me—[*Slips his handkerchief round his leg.*] Oh! Oh!

Donna Am. What's the matter?

Don Chr. Alas! Madam—I would readily have executed your commands, but—oh!—I am desperately wounded.

Donna Am. Wounded!

Don Chr. My strength fails me, that I can scarce —[*Reels towards* AMINTA, *and leans on her.*]—oh!

Donna Am. Good Heavens! let me run for assistance.

Don Chr. No, Madam, no—I would rather die here than you should be discover'd. Your reputation is dearer to me than life.

Donna Am. Your life! Is it so serious?

Don Chr. Alas! Madam, I fear so. But yet if I were to die here, your reputation might be more endanger'd.

Donna Am. I care not what concerns me, so that I can save you. I'll fly this moment—

Don Chr. Ah! Madam, if you leave me, I shall cease to exist. Life will ebb at once, when its sweetest solace is away.

Donna Am. What shall I do? Dearest Don Christoval—I am so confused I know not what I say;—what can be done?

Don Chr. If you would permit me, Madam, only to lean on you, I think I could manage to crawl to my lodgings, which are near. It is dark, or I would sooner die than expose you—oh!

Donna Am. For Heaven's sake then come—I scarce know what I'm about—I am terrified to death—pray do not delay. Nay—nay—lean on me.

Don Chr. Oh! A thousand thanks, my sweet generous angel—oh! [*Exeunt.*

Enter PERTILLA.

So, here I am at last, and 'tis well I am. I never was so frighten'd in my life. I have fought my way thro' crowds of uncounter'd shopboys and brain-heated students. [GERONIMO *appears at the gate.*] To be sure, a genteel looking figure out alone at this time of night is enough to——

Ger. Hist! hist! Pertilla!

Per. Hey! who's that?

Ger. [*Advancing.*] Is it you, Pertilla?

Per. Oh! sir, is it you? I protest I thought it was Don Christoval.

Ger. What is he not come?

Per. I am but this moment come myself—I'm sure I thought I should never——

Ger. Bless my soul! We must march, girl, we must march. This is no place for us now. My young lady has escap'd, and Don Gaspar is on the alarm.

Per. My mistress escaped!

Ger. Yes, but—ha! what if——I have it—I have it.

Per. Hey! have what?

Ger. A scheme, you jade, a scheme;—ay! ay! mine is the head. Lookye—Don Christoval takes you to be Donna Angelica—ten to one but he has heard of her escape—now you shall fly to him directly—declare what you have done was for him, and claim his protection. My head to a barber's block but he snaps at the opportunity, whips you off, red-hot, to some matrimonial forge, and gets a clever workman of a friar to rivet you together before any thing can be discover'd.

Per. Hum! but——

Ger. No *butting*—no *butting*. Now or never—come along, I'll shew you where he lives—there's no time to lose.

Per. Lord! sir—I tremble so—

Ger. Zounds! come along—every thing must out soon, and then we're done for. One must use one's wits, child, in this world, and cheat in one's turn, in order to gain an honest livelihood.

Per. But only think, sir—

Ger. Only think! only act. I plan—you execute—leave me to think.

Don Gas. [*Without.*] Have you search'd the garden?

Ger. Zounds! there's Don Gaspar! Away—away.

Per. I wish I had never—

Ger. Come along—come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter (from the gate) Don Gaspar *and* Servants.

Don Gas. I heard a noise here but now—she must certainly have gone this way. Ha! I think I see a figure stealing along yonder—yes, it approaches;—softly, softly—lay close. [*They move back.*

Enter Don Daphnis.

Hugh! hugh! how the night air catches one's breath. That's the worst of my impatience—I have forgot my lozenges. Hugh! hugh! I can't speak without a—hugh! hugh! I protest though I feel wonderfully lively—would the charming creature was come.

Don Gas. [*Aside.*] Who have we here?

Don Daph. What a flaming paragraph will this affair make in a newspaper. When I enter a party I shall be saluted with an universal—"*that's him.*" Then as I walk the streets, the damsels will be quarrelling with each other for a peep thro' the lattices, while the Duennas down with their veils, and hurry home with their charges, like a brood of chickens from a hawk.

Don Gas. [*Aside.*] I should know that voice!

Don Daph. Hey! what was that? It's plaguy dark—I don't much like the place. What's that moving!—[Don Gaspar *motions the* Servants *to advance.*]—I'm sure I heard something breathe.—

[*Goes on tiptoe to a corner,* Don Gaspar, *&c. advancing to encircle him, stumble against each other.*

Don Gas. Where is he? Who's there?

Don Daph. [*Aside.*] Oh! Lord! oh! Lord! what shall I do!

Don Gas. Guard every avenue, and be on the watch—some one is here, I am certain;—whoever it is, they shan't escape us.

[*They grope about.* DON DAPHNIS *holds a pocket handkerchief to his mouth, and appears laboring with a cough;—at last he bursts out.*—

Don Daph. Hugh! hugh! hugh! oh Lord! oh Lord! hugh! hugh! hugh!

Don Gas. Ha! here he is. [*They bring him forward.*] Who are you, sir, and what are you doing here?

Don Daph. Sir, I am a student of the University, and am come here to——hugh! hugh! hugh!

Don Gas. Oh! sir, is it you?—I suspect this fellow.—Look'ye, sir, this is the second time I have found you hovering about my house suspiciously.

Don Daph. Sir, it is hard a gentleman can't take the air—

Don Gas. Take the air, sir, you came, sir, to take my daughter. You are in league, sir, with Don Christoval—confess, sirrah, confess.

Don Daph. Sir, I don't understand this treatment. I am a gentleman, and I expect—

Don Gas. A gentleman, sir, a gentleman! this may be a plan to make me lose time. Here, put this gentleman in the dark cellar, and keep him secure till I return.

Don Daph. Sir! sir! hear me a moment—

Don Gas. Confess all you know, sir.

Don Daph. I will sir, I will.

Don Gas. Ah! where is she? where is she?

Don Daph. Indeed, I don't know, sir.

Don Gas. Zounds! sir, do you banter me? yes, yes, this is a scheme to detain me; — take him in— take him in.

Don Daph. I'll never have any thing more to do with her.

Don Gas. So—so—then you are in the plot—in league with Don Christoval? Where has he taken her to, sir—hey?

Don Daph. I protest to you, sir, I know nothing of Don Christoval. I was only to have taken her to the nunnery.—

Don Gas. Hey! to the nunnery! to the nunnery! bless my soul! who knows but—take him in—take him in—there's no time to lose. I'll find her before I sleep.

Don Daph. Oh! Lord! oh! Lord! the devil take the women—I'll never look at a petticoat again.

[*Exeunt* DON DAPHNIS *with some of the* SERVANTS.

Don Gas. Here, you Perez, run for an Alguazil, and follow me to the nunnery. I'll find her if she be in Salamanca. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ANGELICA.

I am bewilder'd in the maze of streets, and know not which way to turn. Cruel—cruel Alonzo! what can have perverted thy nature thus? The sacred obligation he has enter'd into, entitles me to his protection, and not to demand it in this exigence may only strengthen the delusion that misleads him.

Enter MIGUEL.

Mig. That flask has given me a proper degree of assurance. I'm ripe for a frolic now. If breaking lamps and hamstringing watchmen wasn't out of fashion.—

Donna Ang. Senor!

Mig. The deuce take the girls, they're always at one. A fine figure, like me, is sure to attract 'em.

Donna Ang. Senor!

Mig. [*Mimics.*] Senora! come here you little baggage!

Donna Ang. What shall I do?

Mig. If you're Daphne, I'm Apollo—come here I say. [*Catches hold of her.*]—Pray, my dear, what style of beauty are you?

Donna Ang. Sir, I must beg.—

Mig. Beg—you little vagrant! what with that pretty face? There's sparkling peepers for you! I suppose, by your nightly rambles, the commissioners for lighting contract with you for the use of them;

Donna Ang. Let me go, fellow.

Mig. Fellow! you're looking at the lace on my doublet; It's masquerade habit, my dear.

Donna Ang. Whoever you are, sir, I intreat you to release me. For Heaven's sake, let me go. Oh! Alonzo! could you but see your Angelica now!

Mig. Hey! Angelica; zounds! now I remember the very voice I heard last night from the window—my master's mistress;

Donna Ang. Will you not release me?

Mig. First, Senora, let me gain my pardon. If I'm not confoundedly mistaken, you are Donna Angelica de Souza?

Donna Ang. Does he know me!

Mig. Don't be alarm'd Senora, you're near friends. You expected to meet some one to-night?

Donna Ang. What! can this be the person Geronimo appointed!—How, sir—

Mig. Geronimo and I settled matters—I am in the secret—but mum—I'm a man of honor.

Donna Ang. 'Tis he! Senor, I *am* Angelica de Souza. My situation is singular, but I cannot now explain—I admit your apologies, on condition you convey me to the *Calle Mayor*—do you know one Don Alonzo de Nunez?

Mig. Know him! ay—as well as I do myself.

Donna Ang. That is fortunate. Lead me then directly to his residence.

Mig. What to *his?* To Don Alonzo's!

Donna Ang. I tell you to Don Alonzo's. Lose not a moment, but away.

Mig. Well, Senora, I'm at your service. [*Aside.*] I'll take care, tho' my master shall have the refusal of her.—This way, Senora, 'tis but a few steps.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Alonzo.

Fool that I am—why do I suffer myself to be thus mov'd! Rise—rise—proud heart, and shake off this bondage. No more shall this Angelica—the very name is magic and enthrals me. Oh! woman! woman! the solace and the scourge of life! by thee man was first blest, and first undone. Psha! psha! I'll think of her no more. Not all her borrow'd looks of angel sweetness, nor the repentant agonies of foil'd hope shall move me. Vengeance alone be mine—this moment let me.—Christoval may be guiltless, tho' she be treacherous;—I must know all. One turn more to fortify my soul, and then to find him. [*Exit.*

Enter DON GASPAR, *and* SERVANTS.

Don Gas. I thought the rascal was deluding me — not at the nunnery. No—no—she's not ghostly inclin'd. That rascal Don Christoval must have her. I'll find her if she be in Salamanca before I rest. They tell me he lives in this street; knock at every door till we find it. Away—away— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

DON CHRISTOVAL'S *Apartments.*

Enter MIGUEL *and* ANGELICA.

Mig. Here we are, Senora. It's well, you met with me. I wait on Don Alonzo, and having the key in my pocket, we've got snugly in, and not a soul the wiser.

Donna Ang. I thank you and must request you will farther oblige me by endeavouring to find him.

Mig. I'll go directly and see—

Donna Ang. Am I secure from intrusion?

Mig. If your ladyship will step into the library you'll be secure enough. It's a sort of sanctum sanctorum—no one ever goes there.

Donna Ang. Yet stay—I particularly desire you will not mention my name to Don Alonzo; frame some excuse, if possible, to bring him hither directly, but do not give him to understand I am here.—Alas! that a name which once had such charms for his ear should now prove so discordant.

Mig. This way, Senora. [ANGELICA *exit into a back room.*] She's for an agreeable surprise I see. I believe she's right. I've often found the steam of the cooking spoil my appetite. [*Exit, but returns hastily.*] Dish me! here's another lady coming up

stairs. What a gormandizer my master is! I'm afraid I've been too provident—too many turtles. I'd better tho' for fear of accidents lock up this one.
[*Locks the door.*

Enter PERTILLA.

Per. The door was open, so—ha! is that him? No—a servant. Bless me! how my heart beats.—Pray, sir, is Don Christoval within?

Mig. No, Senora, but pray be seated, he's generally very punctual to his time. [*Aside.*] A smart jolly looking lass!

Per. What shall I do? I begin to wish I had not been persuaded.

Mig. Pray be seated, Senora. [*Aside.*] She's just to my taste now!

Per. My spirit begins to fail me. I'd better go before he—

Mig. There he is—I hear him. [*Exit.*

Per. It's too late—I must go thro' with it. I never was so fluster'd in all my life.

Re-enter MIGUEL.

Mig. I'll be hang'd if he has'nt brought another lady with him.

Per. A lady with him! What shall I do? I shall be discover'd! For Heaven's sake, Senor, let me be gone before I'm seen.

Mig. Bless you! it's impossible—he's coming up. (I'd better get her out of the way tho')—Here, Senora, here—(no place but the bedchamber)—step in here—quick—quick. [PERTILLA *retires.*
The grand Signor is a moderate man to my master. [ANGELICA *knocks.*

Danna Ang. [*Within.*] Senor!

Mig. Hush! hush! [*Opens the door.*] Lay still, here are some strangers coming.

Per. [*Peeping.*] Is he come?

Mig. Mum! mum!—I'll shut the door. For Heaven's sake, Senora, keep quiet, here's some young fellows comming up rather mellow, so I'll lock the door. [*Locks it.*

Per. Senor!

Mig. Confound it! You'll be seen—I tell you. There's no key to that door. Hist! here they come, I'd better move off and get out of the scrape. [*Exit.*

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL *and* AMINTA.

Don Chr. One step more, and now—My charming girl, how can I thank you for this tender solicitude.

Donna Am. You seem reviv'd, sir?

Don Chr. Reviv'd, Madam! I am past life's limit, and in paradise.

Donna Am. What do you mean, sir?

Don Chr. First, Madam, to solicit your pardon for the feint I have used.

Donna Am. Good Heavens! is it possible! Have you betray'd me hither? But why do I remain a moment—

Don Chr. [*Detaining her.*] Stay, stay, my fair angel!

Donna Am. Sir! sir! can you have the baseness—

Don Chr. I have only lur'd you to a place of safety, my sweet girl.

Donna Am. Release me, release me.

Don Chr. [*Kneels.*] In this lowly attitude, which best becomes me, let me sue for pardon and merit by humility what I dare not otherwise aspire to.

Donna Am. Sir—I, I—

Don Chr. [*Aside.*] She's coming faith!

Don Alon. [*Without.*] I must—I will see him.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Am. Heavens! some one is coming!

Don Alon. [*Without.*] No matter—I must see him.

Don Chr. Be not alarm'd, my angel, no one shall dare—

Donna Am. Oh! Sir! sir! what shall I do?

Don Chr. Retire, my sweet girl, into this room awhile. [*Goes to the door where* PERTILLA *is.*] Ha! sure I saw some one!—psha! the flapping of the curtains.——Here--here—on the faith of a gentleman and a sincere adorer, I will preserve you from every danger.

Donna Am. This is the fruit of my designing! [*Exit.*

Don Chr. 'Tis Alonzo! his tone seems high too!

Enter DON ALONZO.

Don Alon. So, sir, you *are* here tho' you would be denied to me? How guilt weakens the fibres of the soul, and unbraces the spirit. I have known you, in the sallies of intemperate mirth, bold as an hungry lion, but now you have an enemy within that shakes your soul, and makes your courage droop.

Don Chr. No, faith, you're quite out there. I confess my soul has been dancing a *seguidilla* for this hour or two, but it has not, as you seem to think, been scar'd into merriment, like a negro in a slave ship.

Don Alon. Paltry jester! think not to turn the edge of my resentment. This frivolous humour, sir, is ill suited to your purpose I am not to be trifled with. Draw, sir, draw. Love, friendship, every feeling of regard which once possess'd my breast is

turn'd to its opposite, and revenge alone—revenge, warm as the blighted love which calls it forth, now fills my heart.

Don Chr. [*Aside.*] His head is turn'd—I had better humour him.—Come, come, my dear fellow, put up your sword, and let us talk coolly on the subject.

Don Alon. Coolly, sir! tell the wretch upon the wheel to smile. Draw, sir, draw and defend yourself.

Don Chr. Nay then, if you will—

[AMINTA *rushes out.*

Donna Am. Hold! hold! for Heaven's sake forbear!

Don Alon. Ha! who have we here!

Don Chr. Pray, Madam, don't come near us.

Donna Am. What madness is this?

Don Chr. Stark madness, Madam.

Don Alon. Faithless even in his love.

Donna Am. [*Sinks into a chair.*] I am overcome with emotion.

Don Chr. Be not alarm'd, my Angelica.

Don Alon. Angelica!

Don Chr. I have a heart and hand ready and able to protect you.

Don Alon. Some new device!—Again, sir, your female friends have snatch'd you from my resentment, but no delay can cool it.

Don Chr. Stay, sir, it is my turn to be peremptory. I have something to insist on as well as you. You are apt I see to conceive odd fancies. You may think as you will of me, but if that lady should be your subject, let me recommend temperance. Her situation may give occasion to suspicion, but if any such ideas should rise in your mind, they are rebels to truth and purity.

Don Alon. Oh! sir—I have learnt discretion. I know well neither eyes or ears should be trusted in these cases.

Donna Am. [*Aside.*] Surely it is him!

Don Alon. Your servant, Madam.

Donna Am. Stay, sir, stay. Is not your name, Alonzo?

Don Alon. I believe it is, Madam, but I have nearly forgot myself.

Donna Am. Are you not acquainted with Donna Angelica de Souza?

Don Alon. Ay—Madam, I *know* her *now.*

Don Chr. Yes, yes, Madam, he knows you well enough.

Donna Am. You are mistaken, sir, and, from what I have heard and seen, I believe you are not the only one under delusion.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Am. [*To* Don Alon.] By your voice, sir, you should be the same that was with Donna Angelica just now. Where is she?

Don Alon. That gentleman, Madam, can best answer you.

Don Chr. What the deuce is this! Pray, Madam, are you not Donna Angelica de Souza?

Donna Am. No, indeed, sir, I am not.

Don Alon. No, no, Madam, he knows nothing of you. Why do I suffer myself to be thus played on?

Am. Let me intreat you, sir, one moment stay. I fear I have been the cause of much confusion; and perhaps a candid avowal will not only account for my being here with some degree of propriety, but may tend to clear up some points which appear dark to all of us. You wrote a letter, sir, I think to Donna Angelica de Souza?

Don Chr. Ay, madam, to Donna Angelica de

Souza, for so this Cardenio, here, inform'd me you were named.

Don Alon. Ha!

Am. Then you intend it for me?

Don Chr. Yes, madam, but the next time I write to you I shall direct *To the most incomparable of her sex*, and then there will be no fear of mistakes. But you did get the letter?

Am. By accident it fell into my hands. To determine whether it was a mistake or not, I answered it in Donna Angelica's name.

Don Alon. But were you not, sir, with Donna Angelica last night?

Am. Ay, sir, lock'd up in a closet?

Don Alon. Yes, yes, let him answer that.

Am. Yes, yes, let him answer that.

Don Chr. That I can soon do—I was. But, faith, it was all a mistake. Seeing a light in a window of the house where my treasure lay, my hopes whisper'd it might be you. I tap'd—to my surprise down slid a ladder, which I am now inclin'd to think was intended for a certain person who shall be nameless. Full of fire and burgundy, up I went at a venture. The swooning and screaming which greeted me I suppose rous'd the family; and I should have been caught but for the alertness of the chambermaid, who whipt me off before I could be discover'd.

Am. Ha! can it be?

Don Alon. And this is fact.

Per. [*Rushing out of the room.*] Every syllable as I can vouch.

Am.
Don Alon. } Pertilla!

Don Chr. What the deuce!

Per. I can contain myself no longer, I am so over-

joy'd. I told you all this, sir, before. I told you so—I told you it was all a mistake.

[*A noise without.*

Enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Sir, sir! here's a whole regiment of alguazils thundering at the door. They swear you've stolen a lady, and are come to search for her.

Don Chr. Blockhead, bar the door—fly with me—what a situation! [*Exit with* MIGUEL.

Am. What will become of me? What shall I do? I won't go into his bed-chamber, I'm determin'd.

[*Runs and tries the library door.*

Per. So, so, her ladyship is caught. I thought as much.

Am. Sir, sir! for Heaven's sake assist me.

Don Alon. Madam, I—it is lock'd.

[*Both push at the door.*

Per. I had better shift for myself.

Ang. [*Within.*] Senor, is it you?

Per. Hey!

Don Alon. [*Starts back.*] Ha! that voice!

Am. Angelica there! then I am right after all.

[*She retires to the other chamber.*

Ang. Open the door.

Per. My mistress, as I live!

Don Alon. Open the door, Madam!—You are too impatient—I am not gone yet.

Ang. Alonzo! is it you? stay, stay—

Don Alon. I have seen enough.

[*Exit.—A noise without.*

Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo!

Per. Ma'am! Ma'am!

[*Going to the door.*—PERILLA *tries the door.*

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL, DON GASPAR, SERVANTS, *&c.*

Don Chr. Sir, this is the strangest conduct—Donna Angelica is not here.

Don Gas. I'll be satisfied of that, sir, before I quit the—ha! that jade here! so, so—I am right I see—

Ang. For Heaven's sake open the door.

Don Chr. Hey!

Don Gas. Ha! is she there? Yes, yes, Madam, you shall come out—Get out of the way, hussey—fastened! force it, force it.

[AMINTA *slips out while,* DON GASPAR, *&c. are occupied with the door.*

Don Chr. This is the strangest piece of business!—

[*The door is open'd, and* ANGELICA *brought out.*

Don Gas. So so, Madam—

Ang. My father!—Where is my Alonzo, where is he?

Don Gas. Now, sir, now—what have you to say?

Don Chr. Nothing, sir, nothing. I have sent my wits on a venture, and they are not yet returned.

Don Gas. And what have you to say, Madam?

[*To* ANGELICA.

Ang. I am at a loss, sir, how—

Don Gas. Ay, ay! I thought you would have had a tale at your finger's ends.

Per. No, sir, she need disguise nothing.

Don Gas. Hey!

Per. My lady's innocence I am sure can be fully proved. Speak out, Ma'am, I beg of you, and clear yourself.

Don Gas. Here's a jade for you! her innocence, and found in his very house—in Don Christoval's own house.

Ang. How, sir! and is this Don Christoval's?

Don Chr. Hey!

Per. Ay, ay—I knew there must be some mistake—

Don Gas. Zounds! why do I listen to this! come, Madam, you must march.—Sir, your servant—I leave you and your agent there to plot what you please—get my daughter again if you can.

Ang. One moment, sir, let me explain—

Don Gas. No, no, come along.

Ang. Sir, sir!

Don Gas. Come along, you jade.

[*Exeunt* Don Gaspar, Angelica, *&c.*

Per. I'd give the world to speak with her. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. What a whirl my head's in! My ideas are as merry, dancing about—stop, stop,—there's no need of my soliloquizing—I need'nt engross the whole conversation to myself. Which room has she hid herself in? [*Goes first to one door, then to the other.*] Madam, Madam! not there.—Madam! Madam! they're gone—the devil! she's gone too—'Sdeath! have I lost her? if so, I have lost myself.

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Don Christoval *and* Miguel.

Don Chr. So, sir, it was you that caused all this confusion?

Mig. Sir, I did every thing for the best, but, upon my soul, unless you favour me with a descriptive list of your female visitors, it will be totally impossible for me to avoid mistakes.

Don Chr. Do you jest, sirrah?

Mig. Oh Lord! no, sir—I was never graver in my life. I'm sure you must own, a man that has'nt been in bed these two nights can't have much spirit for jesting.

Don Chr. Confound your officious meddling! [*A knock.*] See who that is.—[*Exit* MIGUEL.] How curs'd unlucky! just when in sight of port to be driven off with such a whirlwind. [*Knock again.*

Re-enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Ay, ay—patience if you please. Pray, sir, am I to open the door?

Don Chr. What do you mean?

Mig. There's a woman at it. I peep'd through the keyhole, and, as well as I could see, I think it's the same middle-sized young woman that was here—

Don Chr. Let her in, directly.

Mig. Let her in, sir?

Don Chr. Let her in, I say.

Mig. [*Aside.*] The devil's in my master. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. It must be my closet friend—Donna Angelica's woman. I suspect I owe the pleasure of her company to Miguel also.

Enter PERTILLA.

Per. Oh! sir! sir! sir! sir!

Don Chr. Hey! why what's the matter?

Per. Pardon my rudeness, sir—but, do you know any thing of Don Alonzo?

Don Chr. Not I, faith.

Per. Then you've ruined us all.

Don Chr. The deuce I have!

Per. My poor dear mistress—what will become of her!

Don Chr. Why, what's going on now?

Per. He's gone, sir, he's gone.

Don Chr. Who gone?

Per. Don Alonzo, sir, Don Alonzo. Left Salamanca before day-break—

Don Chr. Left Salamanca?

Per. Ay, sir, and one of the sweetest creatures of nature's framing. whom nothing but his own rankling fancy could tarnish.—Guilty! she guilty! if there's a remnant of paradise on earth—'tis she.

Don Chr. Donna Angelica?

Per. Yes, sir, Donna Angelica. They have been married these three months, and this is the end of it. That I should have liv'd to see this! For Heaven's sake, sir, on with your boots directly and set off after him.

Don Chr. Where is he gone?

Per. No one knows whither. The rash unfeeling man!

Don Chr. Rash, indeed! And was it mere suspicion of me—

Per. Your unfortunate mistake of Donna Aminta has done it all.

Don Chr. Ha! then you know—

Per. This is no time for explanation, sir; for Heaven's sake, try to find him; it's the least you can do to remedy the misfortunes your mistakes have brought on us.

Don Chr. That I'll do most readily.

Per. Heaven grant you may be successful! For my part I shall never rest till I see him. I'll go to all the posadas, and give a description of his person. Not an acre in Spain will I leave untrod; and, if I

don't find him here, I'll advertise him in all the newspapers in Europe. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. What an unlucky dog am I! And yet after all, I don't see that I'm so much to blame; how the deuce can a blind man see what he stumbles over! Married are they? I don't wonder at his jealousy. Happily I can ease him on that score. Yet, surely he can't have been so mad as to—but why do I hesitate? I may yet find him—Stop, stop let me settle my home affairs before I venture abroad, I have jealousy in another quarter to deal with. Donna Aminta! I have got her name at last. That rascal Miguel shall go to her, and clear me—it won't do for me to venture—Miguel! Miguel! Miguel! [*Calling.*] I'll pen a candid account of my proceedings and request her to cross examine him—Miguel; Miguel! I believe she's tolerably inclined to listen to an *eclaircissement*—Where can the fellow be? Why, Miguel—

Enter MIGUEL.

Where have you been, sirrah?

Mig. [*Yawning.*] A—w! Asleep on the stairs, sir.

Don Chr. This is no time for sleeping; we must be on the alert. I had need to have all my faculties about me.

Mig. Yes, sir——here I am.

Don Chr. Your confounded officiousness has brought me into a scrape, and now you must stir yourself to get me out of it.

Mig. Yes, sir.

Don Chr. You must go to Don Gaspar's, and deliver a letter I shall give you into Donna Aminta's own hand; I'll trust no more to others. Give her a faithful account of your—

Mig. [*Yawns.*] A—w!

Don Chr. Why, you rascal, you're asleep still?

Mig. No, sir, I'm not.

Don Chr. [*Shakes him.*] Awake, sir, awake.

Mig. Yes, sir, yes; I am awake.

Don Chr. Do you think to rest, sir, when you've brought me into such disquiet?—Bring me pen, ink, and paper, into my dressing-room directly, and take care how you execute my orders, or I'll set you into a sleep that shall last as long as the world. [*Exeunt.*

DON GASPAR'S *House.*

Don Gas. I tell you I'll not hear of it—No, no, you're the only one now I can rely on; I can't part with you.

Amin. Indeed, sir, I can't remain in any house where I'm an object of aversion, and considered as a prying intruder.

Don Gas. Pshaw! pshaw! your principles and conduct are too nice for her; she can't bear so near a comparison—that's it. No, no, you never had any secret meetings with young fellows—never carried on clandestine correspondences—never were found shut up in their closets—Oh! Aminta! Aminta! I have such a history to relate—you were in bed and asleep, I suppose, when it all happen'd?

Amin. I have heard, sir—

Don Gas Hey! what, of her running off and being found at Don Christoval's?

Amin. Yes, sir, yes; I have heard it all.

Don Gas. Only think of that, now; though I positively forbade any one to speak of it! If it gets

wind, I shall be blown up.—You were right, Aminta, you were right. Don Christoval was the man. And yet, would you believe it, they both of them had the audacity to protest innocence.

Amin. I don't wonder at it at all, sir; I believe him capable of any thing.

Don Gas. Found lock'd up in his very lodgings! Can one have any doubt after that?

Amin. No, sir, I think not indeed. If he were to fall at my feet and swear himself to perdition, I would not believe him innocent! a base treacherous man!

Don Gas. I like your feeling, Aminta, I like your feeling. It's a proof of a very amiable disposition to feel this way for one who has treated you so ill.

Amin. Oh, sir—don't think his conduct affects me.

Don Gas. Eh!

Amin. *Her* conduct—*her* conduct, I mean—that is—it does affect me—

Don Gas. I see—I see it does. Oh! the hussey! to cast such a friend from her; I can't part with you, child; I can't part with you. You are the only one I can rely on Aminta. [*Exit.*

Amin. Ah, he little knows me.—Heigho! psha! —what a silly creature I am to think about it. I won't think about it—I won't. No, I'll be perfectly unconcerned—I'm determined. Perhaps it may be as well to stay a little longer here, if it was only to show him how little I think about his conduct. Yes, and I'll try to fall in his way wherever he goes; I'll stare him full in the face whenever I meet him, and pass by with a dignified air to convince him that I'm not the least mov'd by the discovery of his double dealing. Psha I'll think no more about him I'm determin'd. [*Exit.*

Enter MIGUEL, *and* GERONIMO *meeting.*

Mig. Hey! Senor, is it you?

Ger. What, Senor Miguel! How came you here?

Mig. Why, seeing the parlour-door open, I thought I might come up.

Ger. Why, what do you want?

Mig. Have you e'er a lady of the name of Aminta in the house?

Ger. Yes; what then?

Mig. Give my compliments to her; I beg the favour of two minutes private conversation.

Ger. But what?

Don Gas. [*Without.*] Geronimo!

Ger. What do you want with her?

Mig. Mum!

Don Gas. Geronimo!

Ger. Coming, your worship; any thing about—

Mig. Mum!

Don Gas. Geronimo! I say.

Ger. I'm a-coming, your worship; stop here two minutes. I'm a-coming, your worship. [*Exit.*

Mig. The old fellow thinks to pump me, but he'll find me as dry as a horse-pond in summer. No, no, nothing overflows with me. Let's see, have I got the letter! Ay, here it is—[*Takes it out.*] I'm sure it's a wonder how my head is able to do so much business, considering how I've been fagg'd of late. I may as well, though, rest myself a bit while I can—[*Draws a chair forward and sits.*]—A constant strain upon one's faculties, with one scrape or another; not a wink of sleep either these two nights; it's more than human nature can bear. Why, even a hackney-coach horse is allow'd some rest—[*Yawns.*]—A—w! A porter to a gaming-house has an easy life to mine; sitting in a nice sung easy chair, he may take a comfortable nap between raps, and bring himself at

last to the habit of—a—w! opening—the—door—
—without—waking—a—w!— [*Falls asleep.*

Enter DON GASPAR.

Don Gas. A headstrong perverse girl! I fear I shall never be able to bend her to this match. If so, a nunnery shall be her portion—[MIGUEL *snores.*]—Hey! why, zounds! What have we here? A footman at his ease! What's this he has got in his hand! A letter—to—to—[*Reading the direction as* MIGUEL *holds the letter over his knee.*]—*To Donna Aminta;* Donna Aminta! Why, what correspondents can she have got here! Bless me! I should know the livery—hey! Don Christoval's man; the very rogue that refus'd me admittance! With your leave, sir, I'll take the liberty of looking over your letter—[*Takes it gently out of* MIGUEL's *hand.*]—Sure enough 'tis from Don Christoval! Hey! [*Reads.*] —*From the moment I first met you in the Alameda*—so, so—*never absent from my thoughts*—um, um—*mistook your name*—um, um—*Donna Angelica's secret union with my friend Don Alonzo de Nunez*—what! what!—*which I presume you* must *now be acquainted with has caus'd her conduct to appear reprehensible; but permit me to assure you, she is deserving of esteem and confidence. Her being found last night in my lodgings, was owing to a mistake, which my servant can fully explain, if you will allow him to bear testimony to the purity of a character, which I have been the unfortunate, tho' undesigning, occasion of aspersing.*—What! what is this! Her secret union with Don Alonzo de Nunez! Can this be fact, or a mere!—No, no, it can't be a trick either. I'm lost in a maze! This rascal may —stop, stop—not so either. I have it, I have it! —[*Goes to the table behind, and writes.*]—I'll write

an answer in Aminta's name, and request this Don Christoval to come hither directly. Yes, yes, I must proceed cautiously; I'm beset with stratagem. So— [*Comes forward.*]—the gentleman sleeps sound— [*Slips the note between his fingers.*]—there, now he may awake as soon as he pleases.—

[*Retires, and throws down a chair at the side.*

Mig. [*Starts up.*] Coming directly, sir, coming di—Hey! where am I! Bless my soul, I've been asleep! Where's the note? Oh! here it is! Hey! *To Don Christoval d'Olvredo!* What the deuce is this! The devil's been here, or perhaps the lady herself: it may be, she has been polite enough not to disturb me. Or who knows but I may have kept up a very spirited conversation in my sleep! I've heard of such things. Mine's a very active head, I know. I'm awake now, however, and have, it seems, completed my business; that's enough. Egad, if I find I'm possess'd of this dormant active quality, I'll demand double wages. *Exit.*

Don Gas. [*Comes forward.*]—You dog, you; come to me, and I'll pay you. I don't know what to think of this; there may be some design in it. Aminta must certainly know more of this intriguing rascal, Don Christoval, than she will allow. My best way is to dispatch her off instantly to Madrid. I shall then have a woman less to deal with, and that's a great matter in my favour. Oh! oh! here she comes!—Hem!

Enter AMINTA.

Pray, Aminta, do you know one Alonzo de Nunez?

Am. Sir!

Don Gas. [*Aside.*] I see she's confused. Be so good as to read this letter.

Am. [*Aside.*] What can he mean?—Ha! Don Christoval!— [*Reads to herself.*

Don Gas. Yes, yes, her guilt is evident. What an intriguing set are these women! From the cradle to the coffin, their whole business is designing; but I'll be a match for them. Well, and you know—

Am. As little as you do, sir. I told you how Don Christoval pursued me; and I suppose, from the style of this letter, which I presume you prudently intercepted, this is some new manœuvre of his.

Don Gas. Hey! a manœuvre!

Am. I have no doubt of it, sir; it has all the appearance of one. Owing to a mistake, indeed! a likely case. And I suppose Pertilla's being there was a mistake also.

Don Gas. Why, how did you know Pertilla was there?

Am. How did I know, sir! Why you know, sir, I—I told you how I knew. As to Don Alonzo, sir, your daughter can soon satisfy you. For my part, I am perfectly satisfied. I want nothing more to convince me; he need'nt trouble himself; I can see plain enough thro' his design.

Don Gas. Aminta, I ask your pardon for my suspicious of you; but I really began to think you were in league with him. Ay, ay, let him design; he'll find his match. Now, what do you think I've done?

Am. What, sir?

Don Gas. Shown a little of the statesman; written an answer to this in your name, requesting to see him directly.—Ha! ha!

Am. In my name, sir, to see him!

Don Gas. Yes, yes; and you'll have an opportunity to draw every thing from him.—Ha! ha!

Am. I see him, sir! impossible.

Don Gas. Pooh! pooh! there's no impropriety in it when I know it; and you do it only to serve me. Hey! can that be him already. Oh! the fiery spark! 'Tis but a touch, and he flies up.

Am. Surely, sir, you wouldn't think—

Don Gas. Not just now, there's no time for it. Do you sound him thoroughly; I'll go and question Angelica. [*Exit.*

Am. A pretty situation I'm in! I shall have him come with all the audacity of a sanction'd lover, and—it is him sure enough.

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Confound ceremony when feeling's in the case; I want no usher. Ha!

Asleep and dreaming as in bed I lay,
Methought an angel stole my heart away;
As with the theft the charming robber flew,
I ran and caught her, as I may do—you.

Am. Softly, sir; you act the peace-officer rather too naturally.

Don Chr. No, Madam, for no bribe can induce me to part with you; till you are fetter'd. 'Twill be a benefit to society to keep you from farther mischief.

Am. Sir, I cannot refrain from telling you, that your visit here was not requested by me. You have been lur'd here by design; and if you remain, you will have to solve more riddles than you imagine.

Don Chr. Truly, Madam, I am too seriously hurt to jest with my wound. That I have been lur'd here, I am fully sensible of; and yet I voluntarily yielded to the impulsion.

Am. It is time, sir, I should leave you. Shall I inform Don Gaspar, sir, that you are come to wait on him?

Don Chr. No, faith, Madam, I must not lose the moment fortune offers me—[*Takes her hand and kneels.*] —Fairest, sweetest, most perverse of women, hear me.

Am. Most impudent of men, I won't—

[*Endeavours to get free.*

Don Chr. I love you to distraction.

Am. I see it; you are out of your senses now.

Don Chr. You have been deluded.

Am. Sir, I insist—

Don Chr. Nay, now I have an audience, I'll persist. I'll not part with you.

Am. [*Breaks from him, and exit.*] Then you must run quick.

Don Chr. Faith, so I will. [*Exit, after her.*

Enter GERONIMO *and* DON ALONZO.

Ger. This way, Senor, if you please—I'll inform my master. Who shall I say—

Don Alon. A stranger would see him. [*Exit.* GER.] Yes, I did wrong in leaving Salamanca so abruptly. Tho' nearer the scene of my misery, I feel more at ease now I have returned. Something is due to the parent of this wretched woman. I am the criminal—nor will I meanly fly the vengeance of an injur'd and unhappy father.

Enter DON GASPAR.

Don Gas. A stranger, does he call himself! I believe I know him pretty well.—So, sir—hey! sir, I ask pardon, I thought it had been Don Christoval D'Olvredo.

Don. Alon. How, sir! Don Christoval D'Olvredo?

Don Gas. What, sir, do you know him?

Don Alon. Know him! would to Heaven I did

not! But let me ask you, sir, are you satisfied of his guilt! Yet, why do I ask? have I not had full conviction—Have I not seen, heard, detected him?

Don Gas. Detected him! why, what—pray sir, may I request to know who you are?

Don Alon. A wretch, sir.

Don Gas. Hey!

Don Alon. Pardon me, sir, I forget myself, I forget *you*. Selfishly absorbed, I am led away by my own feelings, when I should remember that the object which brought me here was a regard to your's.

Don Gas. Sir, I am oblig'd to you, and I assure you, you will greatly forward your object by easing my curiosity. Pray be seated, though. [*They sit.*

Don Alon. You may remember, sir, that about a year since, your daughter was saved from imminent danger by a young man who, at the risk of his life, ventur'd to her rescue?

Don Gas. Well, sir.

Don Alon. From that circumstance, an intimacy grew between your daughter and her preserver, which casual meetings gradually strenthen'd and ripen'd into love. His fortune was humble, and your declared intention of uniting your daughter to another, made him hopeless of your sanction. The conscious indiscretion of clandestine intercourse insensibly wore off—he traitorously urg'd—she lost a portion of repugnance at every interview, till, at last, in an unhappy hour, he stole her vows, depriv'd you of a daughter, and himself of peace for ever.

Don Gas. [*Rising.*] Ha! 'tis true then, and the villain—

Don Alon. [*Rising.*] Stands before you.

Don Gas. And you, sir, are Alonzo de Nunez?

Don Alon. What, sir, do you already know—

Don Gas. Too much, sir, too much to find my-

self thus villanously robb'd. What you have stolen, you shall restore. I still have the power of a father, and will use it.

Don Alon. Do not imagine, sir, I come to claim her. I yield up every right, absolve her of every tie.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, sir, I'll take care of that.

Don Alon. If, sir, to part me from your daughter be your desire, it is already gratified, for I here take Heaven solemnly to witness that I never more—

Don Gas. Softly, sir, softly. You say you are already married—something, more than words must part you.

Don Alon. Bind me with the strongest chains that law can forge; impend o'er me the direst fulminations of religion—do what you will with me, sir, and yet your strongest security will be found within this bosom.

Don Gas. [*Aside.*] I had better bind him to this while he is in my power—I'll send for a notary directly—Since you offer this atonement, sir, I shall take it, and have your renunciation legally drawn. Be so good as to step into this room awhile, and I'll be with you shortly.

Don Alon. I submit, sir, to your pleasure.

[*Exit.*

Don Gas. Yes, the matter may be arranged yet. Now he has consented to a divorce, I can easily get their vows annulled. The path will then be clear, and I may be able to go on with my design.

Enter AMINTA.

Am. A plague on the man! he has—

Don Gas. Aminta—here, Aminta!

Am. Sir!

Don Gas. Here, here—I have great news to tell you.

Am. News, sir! I know it. Cupid is dead, and Hymen sick of a surfeit.

Don Gus. I believe it, for I've just had it confirmed. Don Christoval says true. Don Alonzo is really married to Angelica.

Am. Ha!

Don Gus. He has confessed it, and is now in the house.

Am. Don Alonzo!

Don Gus. Ay; in half an hour I'll tell you more. I have a weighty matter on hand. He has agreed to a divorce, and I'm now going to send for a notary, to draw up a seperation. [*Exit.*

Am. They are really married! Then all my jealousies fall to the ground; and Don Christoval is no traitor!—Ha!

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Have I caught you again! Faith, madam, I thought I should never have found my way out of your winding galleries.

Am. This intrusive familiarity, sir—

Don Chr. For heaven's sake, my dear madam, postpone all quarrels till we can set about them naturally.

Am. This is no time for jesting, sir; in a short time the happiness of your friend, Don Alonzo, will be destroyed, unless you save him.

Don Chr. How, madam?

Am. You know the suspicious that attach to you. Levity may have misled you; your ignorance of his marriage may excuse you; but whether you have apology or not, I call on you as a man of honour, and as you value the happiness of a fellow creature, to declare whether Angelica is guilty or not?

Don Chr. Not guilty, upon my honour. To doubt

her is to defame her. But where is Alonzo? let me fly and declare—

Enter GERONIMO.

Ger. I thought my master was here, ma'am— The notary's below.

Am. The notary! ha! a thought strikes me— there's no time to deliberate. Quick, sir, quick; follow me. [*Exit.*

Don Chr. All the world over. [*Exit.*

Ger. 'Tis Don Christoval! I can't make it out. He here, and Pertilla not to be heard of. The clouds are thick, we shall certainly have a storm.

Enter DON GASPAR.

Don Gas. Is the notary come?

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Send him hither. [*Exit* GAS.

Per. [*Without.*] He is here—I know he is here.

Ger. Pertilla's voice, by St. Peter.

Enter PERTILLA.

Per. Where is he? where is he?

Ger. Hey!

Enter DON GASPAR *and* DON ALONZO.

Per. [*Runs to* DON ALONZO.] Heaven be prais'd! I have found him at last!

Don Alon. Pertilla!

Don Gas. Zounds, that jade here!

Don Alon. Don Gaspar, I attend your pleasure.

Don Gas. Is the notary come?

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Send him hither. [*Exit* GER.] And pray madam, how dare you have the impudence to venture here again.

Per. I dare do any thing, sir, to save my mistress.

Enter DON CHRISTOVAL, *disguised as a Notary.*

Don Alon. 'Tis pity such principles should be so misdirected!

Don Gas. Oh, sir, your servant.

Don Chr. I attend you, sir at your desire.

Don Gas. True, sir; I sent for you to draw up articles of separation between man and wife.

Per. How!

Don Chr. Sir, I believe I shall execute your wishes satisfactorily. I am constantly employ'd on cases of that kind. My business lies chiefly in that branch.

Don Gas. You will find pen, ink, and paper, sir, at the table; so if you'll sit down, I'll dictate the terms I would have you throw into form.

Don Chr. Terms, sir! would you have the chain of matrimony entirely fil'd off, or will you have a link or two left to tie them up with?

Don Gas. Sir, I would have as complete a separation as law can make, or the church can ratify.

Don Chr. Enough, sir, I shan't trouble you to dictate. We have a set form that will do. It shall be done, sir. The names of the parties, if you please? [*Sits down and writes.*

Don Gas. Don Alonzo de Nunez, Donna Angelica de Souza.

Per. What do I hear! Is it possible, sir you will rush headlong to destruction! Can you be so mad—so base?

Don Gas. Hussey, how dare you—

Per. I must, I will speak, sir. If it were the last word I should utter, I affirm, before Heaven, that my mistress is innocent, and Don Alonzo wrongs her.

Don Alon. Would to Heaven I did!

Don Gas. It's false, it's false, get out of the house, you jade.

Enter AMINTA.

Don Alon. Ha, she here!

Per. Oh! Donna Aminta, for mercy's sake intercede for my poor mistress. You know—you must know her to be innocent.

Don Alon. Madam, if you know aught respecting her, I entreat you to disclose it.

Am. I know too much, sir.

Don Gas. Ay, ay.

Don Alon. Then you know her to be false!

Don Chr. Now, sir, if you please, the deed is ready for signature. You will be so good as to sign, sir, to prove you release, Don Alonzo from conjugal obligations.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, I'll sign; but let Don Alonzo sign first.

Per. [*Runs and tries to snatch the deed.*] Never, never!

Don Gas. [*Holds her.*] How now hussey!

Per. Don Alonzo, Don Alonzo, hear me before it is too late.

Don Gas. Sign, sir, sign.

Don Alon. Readily, sir, 'tis a species of manumission.

Per. I shall go distracted! Oh, Donna Aminta, can you see this unmov'd?

Don Alon. [*Writes.*] 'Tis done, sir.

Per. Wretched, wretched man!

Don Gas. Now, give me the pen. [*Writes.*] There!

Don Chr. It will be necessary, sir, if you please, that the lady should hear it read.

Don Gas. Eh!

Don Chr. An essential form, sir, to prove there is no compulsion.

Don Gas. There can be no harm now. And to find him resolv'd to part, may have a good effect on her. I'll bring her. [*Exit.*

Am. Now, then my triumph is complete.

Per. Yes, if you triumph in ruin.

Am. Oh, blind, perverse man, what have you done?

Don Alon. How!

Am. Look calmly back, review the character of her you have lost, think of the sacrifice she made to pure affection, when she united her destiny with yours; renouncing wealth, rank, and wordly estimation—nay, even the regard of a parent, for one who can thus lightly cast her off, and condemn her.

Per. Ah, sir!

Don Alon. Ha! what am I to understand by this?

Am. That constancy in women is more perfect than in men. That he who mistrusts lightly, never trusted really. That—

Don Alon. But can I—

Amin. Nay, sir, I have not half thro' my deductions. The sum total, however, is—that you have shown more guilt by your doubts of Angelica than ever she committed in realizing them.

Don Alon. Is it possible?

Per. Possible! if it were not, I would down on my knees, and pray for a miracle.

Don Chr. I can't hold my tongue any longer—

Don Alon. Ha! Christoval!

Don Chr. Yes, the scape-goat of you all. Here I am, suffering the law for my crimes.

Per. I see it all! I could hug him for this!

Don Alon. For Heaven's sake explain this.

Don Chr. Cross purposes alone have made either Donna Angelica or myself appear guilty. All her wanderings were in search of you, and my rogue of a servant, thro' officious ignorance brought her to my lodgings under pretext they were yours.

Am. He declares truth.

Don Chr. Yes, yes, I am serious, I assure you, tho' I am lighter by a heart than usual.

Per. You hear, sir, you hear.

Don Alon. Could I be but assur'd of this—

Am. Oh! rebel to love's power! Thou worst of heretics when faith is so easy and alluring.

Enter Don Gaspar *and* Angelica.

Don Alon. Yes—yes—it must be so; conviction rushes on my soul.

Ang. Alonzo!

Don Alon. Thou dear injur'd creature—how can I atone the wrong I have done thee?

Don Gas. Hey!

Ang. This—this repays it ten-fold.

[*They embrace.*

Don Gas. Why, how now! zounds! what's this?

Per. This, sir, is an essential form to prove there is no compulsion.

Don Chr. A sort of sealing and delivery, sir.

Don Gas. I'm abus'd—I'm cheated!

Don Alon. No, Sir, 'tis I who am cheated; but, into a bliss I little dreamt of. I thought her false, as such I rejected her. I find her true—as such I claim and will preserve her.

Don Gas. 'Tis false—she's not innocent. I can prove it.—Here Geronimo! Geronimo!

Am. [*Aside.*] What can he mean?

Don Gas. 'Tis well I had him secur'd—I quite forgot him till this moment. Geronimo, I say!

Enter GERONIMO.

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Where is the fellow who I order'd last night to be secur'd?

Ger. Mercy on me! the poor gentleman is lock'd up in the cellar; not a soul thought of him.

Don Gas. Bring him hither, directly.

Ger. Yes, your worship. [*Exit*.

Don Gas. Now, sir, we shall soon see what you will have to say.

Ang. Am I to understand, sir, you charge me with any impropriety?

Per. Don't fear, Ma'am, we can disprove as fast as he can prove.

Don Gas. Are you there still, Madam! am I to be dar'd in my own house!—

Enter GERONIMO *and* DON DAPHNIS.

Oh! here he is.

Per. [*Aside*.] My own knight-errant, as I live.

Am. Ha! ha! what a faded nosegay

Don Gas. I am sorry to find, sir, you have met with worse treatment than I design'd.

Don Daph. 'Tis well I am alive to hear your worship say so. I have met with barbarous treatment. that's the truth; and I am sure your worship may safely trust me at large again, for I am so cramp'd in my limbs, and sunk in my spirits, I have neither heart nor power to hurt man, woman, or child.

Don Alon. What am I to learn from this, sir?

Don Gas. [*To* DON DAPHNIS.] Before you have your liberty, sir, I must know more of you. You confess'd last night a design on my daughter.

Am. Oh! lord!

Don Daph. Indeed, your worship, I never saw

your daughter, yonder, but once; which was last Candlemas eve, at St. Anthony's. I am an innocent man, truly, of any ill design; and, if your worship pleases, I will engage never to speak to her, or any woman again.

Per. Sir, your servant, I thank you for your gallantry.—[*To* DON GAS.] You see, sir, what your mountainous labour has produc'd; nothing but this mouse.

Don Daph. Nay, Madam, I am sure I have suffered enough in your service. I have learnt something, however, at College, and studied natural philosophy sufficiently, to know the nature of women. As soon as I can bear jolting, I'll set off over the mountains, and never say a civil thing to a woman again. [*Exit.*

Don Gas. I'm deceiv'd by every one. But no, I'll not be imposed on. You have resign'd my daughter, sir, and I'll take care to keep her. Come hither, Madam.

Ang. Sir, my vows, are past, and cannot be concell'd.

Am. Perhaps I can arbitrate between you. Let me see the deed; I think it but just that every one should abide by what they have formally set their hands to.

Don Alon. How, Madam!

Don Gas. Ay, ay, let that determine it.

Am. You agree then, sir, to abide by the terms of this deed.

Don Gas. Every item. What it specifies I am fully, stedfastly determined to see executed, and I take every one here to witness it.

Am. I'll read it then.—[*Reads.*]—*This indenture, of two parts (made between* DON GASPAR DE-SOUZA, *on the one part, and* DON ALONZO DE NU-

NEZ, *son-in-law to the said* DON GASPAR, *on the other*), *witnesseth*—

Don Gas. Ay, ay, now mark.

Am. *That the said Don Gaspar.*

Don Gas. Ay!

Am. *Agrees fully and freely to give his daughter Angelica to the said Don Alonzo*—

Don Gas. Ha! What, what!

Am. *With a portion of ten thousand pistoles.*

Don Gas. It's a lie; I have agreed to no such thing.

Am. Sir, here's your signature.

Don Gas. I'm surrounded with villany; abus'd by every one. Give me the deed, you jade, give me the deed!

Am. Excuse me, sir, this is its owner.—

[*Gives it* DON ALONZO.

Don Alon. No, Madam, I disdain even to secure happiness by such means. Take back, sir, your defrauded gift; I claim but my own, the hand of my Angelica.

Don Gas. I'm disarm'd at once.—

[*Joins their hands.*

Am. A little reflection will soon show him how vain it is to resist. Indeed, I believe—

Don Chr. Upon my soul, I can't hold my tongue any longer.

Am. Come, come, sir, I must stop you before you transgress farther. You saw I wanted to speak, and you have the rudeness to interrupt me.

Don Chr. No, Madam, it was politeness and proper deference, for I intended to let you have the last word.

Don Alon. Nay, I think it is I who should speak. Christoval, will you give me your hand? I believe I have your heart.

Don Chr. Ay, you were so anxious to get it, a little while ago, you were for ripping open my breast. But if you had, you wouldn't have found it; would he, Madam? [*To* AMINTA.

Am. How should I know, sir?

Don Chr. Here's a breach of trust! I gave her my heart the other day, and now she disclaims all knowledge of it.

Am. You must prove your title first. But, talking of justice, my dear Angelica, how can I clear myself with you? I'm sure I owe you a great deal.

Ang. As I am somewhat indebted to that gentleman, pay him what you owe me.

Don Chr. [*Takes* AMINTA's *hand.*]—Madam, I arrest you for the debt.

Don Alon. She'll give you personal security. And you, my faithful Pertilla—

Per. Don't dispose of me, sir, I beg of you. Single I am, and single let me be; subject to the caprice of no man, and led by no whims but my own. No, sir, all I ask is to let me serve my lady, and dandle my young masters and mistresses; and, as I am tolerably vers'd in love affairs, I think, some dozen years hence, I may rise to the dignity of a Duenna.

Don Alon. Well, my Angelica, my doubts of you have only tended to strengthen my conviction of your excellence. The clouds have roll'd away; the sun breaks forth, and brightens all around us—

Fair sets the wind, the tide of fortune serves,
And with the 'vantage of the flowing stream,
We'll shape our course to joy.—Grant that there may
Arise no cloud to shade the dawning day.

END OF THE PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

Spoken by MRS. C. KEMBLE.

Our Salamanca students, stuff'd with knowledge,
Have kept their terms at Salamanca college;
But, what the dickens will the fellows do,
If, after all, they don't keep *terms* with you?
Vain doubt! you smile—our batchelors prevail—
Words may deceive, but hearts and hands can't fail.
Spain, get thee gone! I hate your ruffs and sattins—
I'm off for London in a pair of pattens.
Veils, ladders, loopholes, lattices, adieu,
With solemn phiz—square cap and stocking blue
I'll turn stage lecturer—Pray, sirs, be dumb—
My motto's—Veluti in Speculum.
I'm dubb'd a docter, learned, letter'd wizzard—
Pertilla—LL. D. and X. Y. Izzard.
First we'll suppose those lamps a court of law—
"My luds—a hem! I humbly move—a ha!
(This plaguy cough impedes my peroration)
I move that hissing plays be transportation.
'Tis time, my luds, discordant mouths to muffle—
My luds, I hold a brief with Serjeant Snuffle;
To prop the dictum of my learned brother,
I move that hands be made to clap each other."
"Well, brothers, take your rule, in common prudence
You'll serve it on the *Salamanca Students;*
And if the town rebel, your course is this—
The hands that clap must stop the mouths that hiss."
But why to Westminister for samples roam?
My motto overhead cries—"Look at home."
I will—behold yon bucks array'd in furs,
Long skirts, short boots, brass foreheads, and brass spurs.
Two stars abhor one sphere—war—war's, the cry—
"Sir, I'll sit here."—"I'll make you stand."—"You lie
"'Twas you—not I—I wish you'd mind your vowels"—
"You've prick'd my leg—I wish you'd mind your *rowels*
Ye Students, who on Salamanca's plain
Taught France a lesson, France will long retain,

EPILOGUE.

Our Salamanca Dons, here strive to night,
To emulate in love, your skill in fight.
Give them good fellowship, and let them found
Their five act college upon British ground;
So shall they con their tasks with merry faces,
And graduate nightly in the town's good graces.

THE END.

P. Pereira, Printer, Hindoostanee-Press.